BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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THE TOMB-STONE,

OR,

A broken and imperfect Monument, of that Worthy Man (who was just and perfect in his Generations;)

Mr. JOHN CARTER, *Pastor first of* Bramford, *and last of* Belsted *in* SUFFOLK.

Erected above eighteen years after his decease:

BY

His unworthy Son JOHN CARTER, *Preacher of the Gospell, and as yet sojourning in the City of* NORWICH.

PROV. 10. 7.

The memory of the just shall be blessed.

London, Printed in the Year, 1653.

THE TOMB-STONE, AND A RARE SIGHT.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho: Roycroft*, for *E. D.* and *N. E.* and are to be sold by *John Sprat*, at his Shop neer the Guild-Hall in *Norwich*, 1654.

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COMFORTER.

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HERE
under this stone lyeth
hid a Rich treasure,
the Precious Dust of that
holy man; that burning
and shining Light
Mr John Carter first
Pastor of Bramford,
and afterwards of
Belsted in Suff.
With Esther his Faithfull
Consort both of them
Waiting for a blessed
Resurrection

7. *I have fought a good fight, I have finiſhed my courſe, I have kept the Faith.*

8. *Henceforth there is layd up for me a Crown of righteouſneſſe, which the Lord, the righteous Judge ſhall give mee at that day: and not to me onely, but unto them alſo that love his appearing.*

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

And that both by the first, and also by the second Birth: To the truely Noble, Worthy, and Religious Lady,

the Lady

FRANCES HOBARTE.

Madam,

ATYS, *the Sonne of* Crœsus *the Rich King, was dumbe in his Child-hood, & so continued many years: he was never heard*

heard to speake a word, till Cyrus *enter'd* Sardis, *and then, the Child seeing a common Souldier running upon his Father with a drawn sword to kill him, brake forth into violent and articulate speech,* O man, kill not Crœsus! *So that he, who till that time lived mute to himselfe, then became a cleare speaker for the saving of his Father.*

This, Madam! *In a sence, is my very case. I had thought to have been mute in this kind for ever, and never to have spoken againe by my Pen in Print. Though many, and amongst the rest, even your Honour have endeavoured often to perswade me to make some poor pieces of mine publike: But being sensible of mine*

owne

owne weakneſs, I ſtood out, and was reſolved forever to forbeare. For Iam a Child, and cannot ſpeak; at leaſt, not with that skill, and energy that the Printing preſſe calleth for: Yet now at laſt ſeeing my precious Father his name in hazard (not of being ſtained, its not capable of that; Nor of being utterly forgotten, for his name is written in the Booke of Life, with Golden letters, and his praiſe ſhal be for ever in the Goſpel; but that his remembrance amongſt men (after this Generation) might have beene cut off by devouring time; to ſave the memory of my Father alive, I break ſilence.

I annex to his life, a piece of mine owne. The reaſon why I do ſo, and

why

why I put forth this Sermon rather then any other, it is not for any worth that I apprehend in it, but because I had a special calling to it. So soon as it was preached, the Major with the Aldermen, and some Ministers came to me, and with great earnestnesse desired me to print the Sermon, that so they might againe see what they had already heard. I did not yeild to them at that time. But now seeing that God hath within these few daies stirred up my Spirit, to do something whereby I might honour my Father, before I go hence to meet him in another, and a better Country, I remembred my Friends request, and did resolve to answer their desires, according to my poore

ability,

ability, though some few yeares after.

Why I presume to tender this homely peece to your Honour, I shal humbly give a short account; Partly for my Fathers sake. Ioseph, to honour his good old Father Iacob, brought him, and set him before the King. Give me leave also, Elect Lady! to bring my Reverend Father into your Honours presence: It will be some grace to him on Earth; and had your Ladyship known him, you would have honoured him.

Also, because the Subiect is soe suitable to your Honour all the way. Your Ladyship loves the sweet perfume of the dead Saints. And as

for

for the Lyon, it is the Ensign of No-
bility, and Magnanimity; and your
Honour bears the Lyon in your own
Coat of Armes. But as for the Ly-
on of the Tribe of Judah, you
bear him in your heart, and embrace
him with the Arms of your precious
faith. My Naile, and Wheele,
presented to your Ladyship out of du-
ty and gratitude onely. The Subiect
of those worthlesse papers, did not
so aptly close with your Honours con-
dition; they did more immediately
concern the Magistracy. But in this
work of mine, my whole designe is to
exalt the Lord Jesus Christ. I set
him up before you as an Ensigne,
which I know your Honour wil with
all cheerfulnesse follow.

Yet

Yet further, your Honour cannot be ignorant of the frame of my spirit that as the blessed Apostle Paul said concerning his Corinthians, so I of your Ladyship. Madam! you are in my heart; Christ lives in your Honour, and where so much of Christ appears, who can but give Honour?

Finally, As Saint Paul writ to Philemon, Thou owest to mee even thine owne selfe; In a like phrase I may speake to your Ladyship, I owe even mine own self to your Honour, which I would have acknowledged to the whole world, & made it out in some particulars; but that I feare (such is your humility and goodnesse) your Ladyship would

would not have resented it well. Accept, I beseech your Honour! this poor Present, with the same Candor it is offered. And be assured, Madam! that I am,

As

Your Honours humble Servant,

So

Your Ladyships faithfull, and constant Orator at the Throne of Grace:

And

So shall continue, whilest he hath a heart, or a tongue to pray,

JOHN CARTER.

TO

ALL HIS WEL-
BELOVED

NEPHEWS,

AND

NIECES:

Even all the Remnant
that are yet ſurviving
of his Fathers
Houſe:

WHen Saint *Paul* called to remembrance the

unfeigned faith that dwelt in the Grand-Mother *Lois* first: Hee was easily perswaded that the same dwelt in *Timothy* the Grand-Child also. So truely, when I consider the unfeigned faith and holinesse, that dwelt first in your good aged Grand-Father, and Grand-Mother; I cannot but conceive some hope, that there is some measure of the same faith, and sanctity even in you.

Now to the end that any of you, who (being of the elder sort) have received any Godly Principles, immediately from your Grand-Father and Grand-Mother, when they were a-

mongst

mongſt the living, That you, I ſay, may the better retain thoſe godly Inſtructions to the end; And that you may teach them to your Children, and Childrens Children, I do here ſend you your Reverend, and Pious Grand-Father, in ſome meaſure revived.

It is, I confes, but an imperfect and blind delineation of ſo deſerving, and perfect a man. Conſuming time hath worne off much of his orient luſtre; yet there is ſo much remaining, as hath a great deale of beauty in it, enough to refreſh your memories. Here, take him for your patterne; Bee yee followers of

God

God, of Christ, & of your good Grand-Father also, as dear Children, and tread in his steps.

It was the saying of a learned and godly Divine, unto his children, when he was at the point of death. *How will you looke me in the face, before the dreadfull Tribunall of Jesus Christ, if any of you appeare before me then, in an unregenerate condition?* How will any of you look your Venerable Grand-Father in the face at that terrible day; If you be found in any Error, Heresie, Schisme, or inordinate walking, as becomes not the Gospell of Iesus Christ? It is our great honour that we had such a holy root, such a Father

ther of our Family: It will bee our greateſt ſhame, a blot never to be wiped out, if any of us ſhal degenerate. This was the Brand and Ignominy of multitudes of the Iewes; they boaſted, and ſaid, *We have Abraham to our Father*: but Chriſt ſaid to them again, *Ye are of your Father the Devill, for the luſt of your Father ye wil do*. Theſe things I write, not that I ſuſpect you, much les condemn you, (Of many of you I am confident) but in tenderneſs of love to warn you, and excite you *to walke accurately*. The bleſſing of my Fathers God be upon you al.

Accept in good part this poor remembrance, from

Your Affectionate Uncle,

JOHN CARTER.

To his wel-beloved Countrymen, the Inhabitants of

BRAMFORD,

AND

BELSTED

in *Suffolk*.

EVen Nature teacheth us to love dearely the Land of our Nativity. I cannot but wish well to that place, and people where I drew my first breath; *viz.* *Bramford*: as also to that place, and people where my good Father finished his course, and breathed his last: *viz* *Belsted*. To both those places,

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit, & immemores non fert esse sui.

places, and peoples I send Salutations. But that is not my main designe.

Brethren! My hearts desire, and prayer to God for you, is, that you may bee saved. The meanes of Salvation you enjoyed a long time, under the Ministry of your Ancient *Pastor*, my deare *Father*, Mr. *John Carter*. He appeared to you all that while, as that bright Star, *Matth.* 2. By his light, and motion, by his Doctrine, and Conversation, he guided you to Christ. He so long as hee was in his Tabernacle of Clay, was not negligent to put you alwaies in remembrance of those things which

concerne

concern your everlasting peace. That which I drive at, is, Now that hee hath put off his Tabernacle, now in his stead to admonish you. *Remember therefore how you have received, and heard, and hold fast, and repent.* Revel. 3. 3. *Remember how hee was an example of Beleivers, in word, in conversation, in Charity, in Spirit, in faith, in purity.* 1 Tim. 4. 12. Consider, how shall you escape, if you neglect so great Salvation: Will it not be more tolerable for the Land of *Sodom*, in the day of Iudgment then for you? Now for the eternal good of your Souls, here I send you your old *Pastor* again. I confesse his livelie voice, that cannot be recalled; but his life

life and example I endeavour to
Luk. 16. 30. revive again. The rich man in Hel ſpake thus; *Father Abraham*, If one were ſent to my Fathers houſe, from the dead, they would repent. I commend unto you your ancient ſpirituall Father, in ſome ſort raiſed from the dead. Now look to your faith, look to your repentance, look to your holy walking; elſe his Miniſtrie will riſe up in iudgment againſt you. For hee being dead, yet ſpeaks. O that you would now ſo conform to his Doctrine, and practiſe that when hee, and you ſhall ſtand together at the laſt day before the great Shepheard of the Sheep: Hee that had the rul

rule over you, might bee able to ſay with ioy; *Lord here I am, and the Children which thou haſt given me.*

This is, and ſhal be the prayer of him that is

Your wel-wiſhing Friend, and Country-man,

JOHN CARTER.

TO

TO

HIS REVEREND

BROTHER,

AND

Fellow-Labourer in the Lords *Vineyard*, Mr. *Samuel Clark*,

Paſtor of *Bennet Fink*,

LONDON.

Worthy SIR,

THAT *which* Naomi *ſpake to* Ruth *concerning* Boaz; Hee hath not left off his kindneſſe to the living, and to the dead! *It is fully verified of your ſelfe; you ceaſe not*

not to ſhew kindneſſe to the living, and to the dead. To the living, by your preaching and Miniſtry, you make Saints daily. To the dead Saints you ſhew kindneſſe, by perpetuating their Names, to their honours, and the good of many. And herein you are a great gainer; you ſhine your ſelfe, by making others ſhine. Amongſt the reſt of thoſe that honour you, I am one, though I never ſaw your face, otherwiſe then in the Frontiſpice of your learned Bookes.

In your firſt part of the marrow of Eccleſiaſticall Hiſtory, We had information, that you did reſolve to add a ſecond part; and to put in the Lives of ſuch godly Divines, and others, as were eminent in theſe latter times, if you were furniſhed with faithfull information. Hereupon, divers did ſet upon me with very great importunity, to write the life of my deare Father, and to ſend it up to you. Truely, Worthy Sir! I was deſirous of the thing, but durſt not undertake the work: I was ſenſible of mine own weakneſſe; and alſo that his

Sayings,

ſayings, and doings had ſo far ſlipp
the memories of this Generation, that
ſhould have brought to light ſuch an im
perfect thing, as rather would have bee
a blemiſh to ſo eminent a Saint, then a
honour. Hereupon, I laid all thought
aſide of medling, or attempting ſuch
thing. I knew that he is glorious in hea
ven, and on the Earth too, ſo far as h
name is ſpread.

Now, good Sir! let me be bold to giv
you a ſhort account of my ſelfe. Som
few daies ſince, I went about to make
new Diary for my ſelfe. I was deſirous
the firſt place, to ſet down ſome paſſage
of my Father, for mine own ſatisfaction
and uſe. I began ſo; and before I wa
aware, it amounted to ſo much, as
thought better that publiſhed, then no
thing at all: and at the laſt my Spirit
grew reſtleſſe; I could not ſatisfie my
ſelfe, till I had digeſted it into ſome or
der, and made it publike. And now
Sir, here it is; I preſent it to your judi
cious view: accept it in good part from
a meer ſtranger. Becauſe it was ſo ſhort

therefo

therefore I joyned it to a weak and unworthy piece of mine own, to make it a Book.

My humble request to you, worthy Sir, is this; that (though I slipped the last opportunity, yet) if you shall set forth any more lives; or if you shall have a new Impression of any of the former: that you would extract so much of my precious Fathers life, as you shal judge fit, and place it where you please, in your Ecclesiasticall History. Your Monuments will bee lasting in after ages, when my poore Pamphlet will bee worne out with time. Pardon my boldnesse: The Lord strengthen out your daies, for the good of his Church, and the honour of his Saints.

Your most obsevant
Friend, and Brother,
that truely honoureth
you,

JOHN CARTER.

THE LIFE OF Mr. JOHN CARTER, Pastor of *Bramford* in *Suffolk*.

MAster *John Carter*, my deare Father of blessed memory, and now a glorious Saint in Heaven, was borne at *Wickham* in *Kent* neer *Canterbury*, about the yeare of our Lord 1554.

He was descended but of meane Parents, (yet religious, and of good repute) not able to maintaine him, at the University, wholly at their own charge. One Mr. *Rose*, a rich man in *Canterbury* (as my Father hath told me) Surely, taking notice of

his piety, in thoſe his tender years, and of his ſtudiouſneſſe, and proficiency in all Learning, beyond the pitch of a Grammer Scholar, and finding him hopefull, likely to prove a precious inſtrument in the Church of Chriſt; took him into his care, and disburſed monyes from time to time (as was needfull) for his maintenance in *Cambridge*. He was of *Clare Hall*: Pupill to Doctor *Byng* the famous Civilian, Maſter of that Houſe: (whoſe Son, Doctor *Robert Byng*, a learned and worthy Gentleman, was my Tutor afterwards in the ſame Colledge) when he was firſt admitted into the Colledge, he was preſently taken notice of, to be of ſingular learning, and ripeneſſe for one of his yeares. He had, with the reſt of his year, a *Theme* given him to make. The *Theſis* was,

Frugalitas virtutum maxima.

When the young Schollars brought in their Themes, the Lecturer took them, and read them; and when he came to *Carters* Theme: he ſtood a little at a ſtand: at laſt, ſayes he before them all: here is the beſt Theme that I ever read; and gave him money, commended, and encouraged him: and alwayes after had careful

carefull eye over him: and sought opportunities to do him good.

After my Father had taken his degrees, Batchelor, and Master of Arts: His Tutor Doctor *Byng* (out of his singular love to him, and respect to his learning, and piety) gave him a Chamber in his own lodgings, where he continued a yeare or two, which made much to the compleating of him for the work of the Ministry. And all that while he continued a gremiall in the bosome, and Lap of his Mother the University, he had constant meetings with divers of his famous contemporarys, and that weekly: Doctor *Chaderton*, Doctor *Andrews* (afterwards a Prelate) Master *Culverwell*, Master *Knewstubs*, &c. and divers others, whom God raised up, and fitted to send forth into his Harvest, to gather his Corn, then ripe for the Sickle, into his Barne. At their meetings they had constant exercises. They prayed together: they bent themselves to the study of the Scriptures: one was for the originall Tongues, anothers taske was the Grammatical interpretations; another for the Logicall Analyse: another for the true sense, and meaning: another to gather Doctrines. Thus led they their se-

verall employments; till at last, they went out like *Apollos*, eloquent men, and mighty in the Scriptures. And the Lord was with them. They brought in a great Harvest into God's Barne.

He would not run before he was sent; he would not enter upon the exercise of the holy work of the Ministry, till he had not only an inward calling, but also an outward: *viz.* an assignation, approbation, and solemne admission, by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. When he was ordained, the Bishop (who in those dayes was *primus Presbyter*, or *præses*) going about to oppose him: asked him this question: Have you read the Bible through? Yes, said he: I have read the old Testament twice through in the Hebrew: and the New Testament often through in the Greek: and if you please to examine me, in any particular place, I shall endeavour to give you an account. Nay, said the Bishop, if it be so, I shall need to say no more to you. Some words of Commendation, and encouragement he gave him. This passage I had from my Father's own mouth.

An. 1583. The Vicaridge of *Bramford* in *Suffolk* neer *Ipswich* fel void. Mr. *Ro*

of *Canterbury*, before mentioned, procured the presentation of it for my Father, from the Dean, and Chapter of *Canterbury*. The salary was only twenty Marks *per Annum* at first: afterward the Church raised it to twenty pounds *per Annum*, and that was the most that ever he had there.

He accepted of it: and being settled in it, he set himselfe to do the work of Christ faithfully, with all his might, as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

Every Lord's day he preached twice very powerfully, and Catechised the younger sort. He preached a Lecture every Thursday; to which multitudes from *Ipswich* and other adjacent places did resort. And God gave such successe to his Ministry, that from time to time, many were gathered in to Jesus Christ. There are many precious Christians that remaine unto this day, that acknowledge their conversion was by Mr. *Carter's* Ministry.

Before Sermon he prayed very short: and ever in the same words. After Sermon he was large, and full, and expressed himselfe with great variety, and fervency: and alwayes closed with Christs Prayer.

He was very diligent in visiting the sick especially the poore. He never went to the house of a poore creature, but he left Purse-Almes, as well as a spirituall Almes of good Heavenly advice, and Prayer. No poore body ever came to his doore that went away empty. And this my dear Mother would see to as carefully as himselfe.

The Milk of his Cows he gave to the poor of the Town every Saturday throughout the whole yeare. I am confident he gave more to the poore every year, then the Revenue of his slender Vicaridge came to in all.

Yet God so blessed him, that whilest he was in *Bramford*, he quickly paid Mr. *Rose* of *Canterbury*, all the money he laid out towards his education in *Cambridge*: and before he left *Bramford*, he purchased about twenty pounds *per Annum*.

God's blessing only makes rich.

He brought up both my elder and only Brother, and my selfe, at the University in a good fashion: and for my selfe, I must acknowledge, beyond my desert, or rank.

He was Orthodox and sound in his judgement: an able and resolved Champion

pion againſt all manner of Popery and Arminianiſme; as alſo againſt Anabaptiſme, & Browniſme, that then did begin to peep, and infeſt the Church: and to teare the Seamles Coat of Chriſt.

He was alwayes A *Nonconformiſt*, One of the good old Puritans of *England*. He never ſwallowed any of the Prælaticall Ceremonies againſt his Conſcience. He was often in trouble by the Biſhops; but God ever raiſed him up friends that brought him off. He was of a peaceable Spirit; and never cenſured any that were conformable, if he judged them conſcientious, and ſaw any thing of God in them.

At his firſt comming to *Bramford* he ſaw the travel of his Soule: he had a plentifull Harveſt! many Soules were added to the Church daily by his powerfull Miniſtry, and holy life.

But after many yeares the people were glutted with Manna, and began to loath it; there grew a great decay in their firſt love.

About the yeare 1615. or ſomething before, there aroſe up a Generation of malignant men, haters of a faithfull, and painfull Miniſtry, and of the power of Godlineſſe.

These were of the Gentry, and chief of the Parish: these rose up against my Reverend Father, pressed him to conformity, complained of him to the Bishop, and threatned that they would make him conformable, or else out him.

At this very juncture of time, the Rectory of little *Belsted* fell to be void: a very small Village, some three miles from *Ipswich*, a solitary place: the means better then *Bramford*: yet short of a competency for such an eminent pillar of the Church; some 50, or at most 60 pounds *per Annum*.

The Patron Mr. *Blosse* became a Suiter to my Father to accept of it. He refused it againe, and againe. His resolution was to endure persecution at *Bramford*, to grapple with all difficulties, and dye there, rather then to remove. But the providence of God over-ruled him. At *Bramford* he saw he must be outed: Mr. *Blosse* would take no denjall: he found favour in the eyes of the Bishop; and was instituted without subscription, or any ceremonyes: and then at last, God taking him by the hand, and pulling him whether he would or no, he removed from *Bramford* (after some 34 yeares service in the work of the Minis-

stry

stry) to *Belsted* Parsonage, where he continued eighteen years, before God caused him to rest from his Labours. In all that time he discharged his holy Function just as he did at *Bramford*; and though his Congregation there were but small, yet he had many Fish that came to his Nett, from *Ipswich*, and other adjacent Townes, destitute of faithfull Shepheards: So that his latter Crop in Gods harvest-field was very considerable.

Little *Belsted* was a *Tusculanum* to him; where in his age he had much secret and sweet Communion with God, in the house, and with *Isaac* in the fields; a beginning of that glorious communion he now enjoys with God in the mountains of Spices.

He being dead, yet speaks; his Works praise him in the gates. From the Presse we have had his learned, and pithy Commentary on the Sermon of Christ in the Mount: And two short, but substantiall, solid, and profitable Catechismes. One

Milke for Children.

The other,

Winter evenings communication.

His paines in the study of the *Revelation* were indefatigable. He writ much in a little room. But these Labours of his, never yet

yet saw the light. Many Ministers that conversed with him privately, did light their Candles at his.

For his carriage and deportment in his Family, it was very religious. He had the Morning and the Evening Sacrifice; his house was a Church. Twice a day he had Scripture read, and after the Psalme or Chapter were ended, he would aske of all his Children and Servants, what they remembred; and whatsoever sentences they rehearsed, he would speake something to them that tended to edification. For his habit, and my dear Mothers apparrelling, it was very plaine, and homely; of the old fashion, yet very cleanly and decent; insomuch that all that came to the house would say, they had seen *Adam* and *Eve*, or some of the old Patriarchs.

And in all his House there was nothing but honest plainnesse. He was such an one as *Jacob*, איש תם a plaine, syncere, I had almost sayd, a perfect man: I am sure a true *Nathanael*, in whom was no guile.

He never used Plate in his house, but Vessels of Wood, and Earth: Pewter and Brasse were the highest Mettals for his utensils. All the dayes of his housekeeping hee used constantly at his Table a little

wooden Salt, which with age was growne to be of a duskish black, which was much taken notice of by all comers.

He never feasted, but alwayes had wholsome, full, and liberall dyet in the house. And all fared alike: He, and my Mother, never thought his Children, and Servants, and poor folks, did eat enough.

The righteous man is mercifull to his Beast: he was carefull even for the bruit Creatures, that they should be fed to the full. All his Cattell were like the first Kine that *Pharoah* saw feeding in the Meadow, they were fat-fleshed, and well-favoured; in so much that I have heard some godly people say merrily, If they would be a Cow, or a Horse, or a Hogg, or a Dogg, they would chuse Mr. *Carters* house.

Hee had a sharp wit: and was sweet, mild, and pleasant in his conversation; yet not any of his most facetious passages, that did not savour of holinesse. His discourse was ever heavenly, and his eyes, almost, ever lifted up to Heaven. He did not eate, or drink, without praising God with his mouth and eyes; his whole conversation was in Heaven.

Besides his Family prayers, and duties, he prayed constantly in his Closet, whensoever

ſoever he went into his ſtudy, and before he came out to Dinner or Supper. Hee prayed very loud, and moſtly very long. For the extenſion of his voice (I conjecture) he had a double reaſon; one, that by his earneſt ſpeech he might quicken up his owne heart and devotion: the other, that he might be a pattern of ſecret prayer to his Children and Servants. And I never heard him cloſe any prayer, without the Lords Prayer.

And I know his ground: he judged his owne beſt prayers imperfect, and Chriſts prayer moſt perfect, and comprehenſive.

That you may the better be ſatisfied concerning his ſenſe and judgement in this matter, I will here tranſcribe one paſſage out of his Printed Commentary upon the ſixth of *Matthew*, *v.* 9. Where after hee hath ſet forth the excellency and perfection of Chriſts Prayer: he addeth, *He now directeth us to the right performance* (Viz. of the duty of prayer) *After this manner pray yee.* Or as Saint *Luke* ſetteth it down, [*When you pray, ſay*] *Not binding us ſtrictly to uſe theſe words alwaies, and none other, but to uſe the matter, manner, and like affection. But as for them who cannot ſo well inlarge their ſuits in other words, or for*

thoſe

those also, who can, and do it, yet remain still unsatisfied, as not having done it sufficiently (and who can do it sufficiently?) the Lord hath left this most excellent helpe, to use the very words of this divine prayer, as the most worthy Servants of God ever have done: And learn we here by the way, what an absolute necessity lyeth upon us (which ought to be our greatest glory and comfort) to pray in these words, or in this manner: For it is the undispensable Commandement of our Lord Christ. After this manner pray.

Thus farr he.

He had a speciall dexterity in comforting afflicted consciences, resolving doubts, and answering questions. When some came to him (not long before he left this Earth) and told him of the tyranny of the Prelates, how it heightned every day, of their persecuting conscientious Ministers, of their Innovations, and the Book of Liberry for sports on the Sabbath day, tending to the fearefull profanation thereof; He used these expressions: *I have had a longing desire to see, or heare of the fall of Antichrist: But I check my selfe. I shall go to Heaven, and there newes will come thick, thick, thick.*

When others came to him, and pressed him

him with importunity, to tell them his judgement concerning the future state of the Church; saying to him, That he had travelled much in the *Revelation*, and they were perswaded, God had revealed something more then ordinary to him: What do you thinke? Shall we have Popery once againe, or no? Hee answered, You shall not need to feare fire and fagot any more; but such dreadful divisions will be amongst Gods people, and professors, as will equalize the greatest persecutions.

A man met him neer his house, and called to him. O Mr. *Carter*! what shall I doe? My Wife is entring into her Travell, and I thinke shee will dye with very fear. Sayes he to the man, Make haste, run to your Wife, and tell her I am going to my Closet as fast as I can to pray for her; bid her not faint, but be of good comfort: The man ran to her, and told her what had passed. Presently her feares vanished, God gave her strength, shee was delivered immediately, and very safely; and her Husband came back to my Father (as I remember before he came out of his Closet) to tell him what God had done.

Another time a poor man met him by the way, and cryed to him piteously, Mr. *Carter*!

Carter! What ſhall become of mee? I work hard, and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive, I continue bare, and know not how in the World to live. Hee anſwered him, You want one thing; I will tell you what you ſhall doe, Work hard, and fare hard, and *Pray hard*, and I warrant you thrive.

There dwelled in his Pariſh a Tanner, a very godly man, and one that had much communion with my Father: This man, as he was very buſie tawing of a Hide with all his might, not ſo much as turning aſide his head any way; My father coming by accidentally, came behinde him, and merrily gave him a little clap upon the back; hee ſtarted, and looking behinde him ſuddenly, bluſhed. Sir, ſaith he, I am aſhamed you ſhould finde me thus. To whom my Father ſayd again, Let Chriſt when he comes finde me ſo doing. What? ſayes the man, doing thus? Yes, ſaith my Father to him, *Faithfull in the duties of my Calling.*

Being at Dinner in *Ipſwich*, at one of the Magiſtrates houſes; diverſe other Miniſters being at the Table: One amongſt the reſt (who had years enough, & learning enough to have taught him more humility) was very talkative, bragged of his parts

parts and skill; and made a challenge: He ſayd to them, Here are many learned men, do any of you propound any queſtion in Divinity or Philoſophy, and I will diſpute with you, and reſolve and ſatisfie you fully. All the Table (but he himſelfe) were ſilent a while. Then my Father (when he ſaw no body elſe would ſpeak) ſayd to him (calling him by his name) I will go no further then my Trencher to puzzle you. Here's a Sole: Now tell me the reaſon why this Fiſh, alwayes living in the ſalt water, ſhould come out freſh? My Gentleman could not ſay any thing to it, and ſo he was laughed, and ſhamed out of his vanity.

A certaine man came to him, and made his moane: Saith he, I have loſt the greateſt Freind I had in the World; I had in a manner my livelihood from him. My Father anſwered him, *When the Fountain dryes up in one place, God will open it in another.*

To me he ſayd once, *John!* God hath alwayes brought water for me out of the hard flinty rock: Thoſe covetous, hard-hearted men who have beene enemies to my perſon and Miniſtry, have many times come in, and given me countenance and maintenance.

My elder, and onely dear Brother (a blessed Instrument in the church of Christ) being dead: my Father took care of his eldest Son; he sent him to *Cambridge*, and walking with him towards the Stable, took his last leave of him in these words, in Latine, *Cave, mi fili, fastum, ignaviam, Antichristum: i. e.* My Son, beware Pride, Sloth, Antichrist.

He would say, a Traveller must have a Swines belly, an [illegible]s back, and a Merchants purse: Meaning, to fare with all dyet, to beare all injuries, and to provide for vast expences. Wee are Pilgrims, and Travellers here, and we must prepare for Want, Wrongs, and spoyling of our Goods.

It may wel be sayd of him, *Semper erat, ubi non erat*: His heart was where his head is, and where now his soule is; in Heaven.

His whole life was nothing else but a Communion day. I have often thought that old *Jacob* lived in him. I am sure the spirit of God breathed as much in him, in his words, writings (holinesse dropped from his Pen in every ordinary Letter that he writ) in his actions, Soliloquies, as in any man of later times. He was alwayes

diſtilling precious precepts, exhortations, inſtructions, conſolations, into thoſe with whom he had to converſe.

A godly Woman told me once, That ſhe had been ſervant to a religious Gentleman, to whoſe Houſe my Father did often reſort; and that ſhe was won to Chriſt at firſt by the heavenly ſpeeches, and ſweet principles which dropped from him, as ſhe was warming his Bed, and waiting upon him in his Chamber.

A man he was moſt juſt and exact in his dealings: he put a clauſe into his Will for the carefull payment of his debts: And when my Siſter *Eunice*, and I (his Executors) enquired, wee could finde nothing that he owed, except to the Smith for ſhooing of a Horſe or two.

In his Library, I found two or three Books (I beleeve not one of them worth a groat) upon which he had written. *This Book is borrowed of ſuch an one: Let it be reſtored; or if the Owner cannot be found, allow ſomething to the poor for it, and that liberally.*

Once being in a journey many miles from home, in changing a peice of Gold at a Shop, he tooke a halfe crowne peice in ſtead of a ſhilling; neither he nor the Shop-

Shopkeeper minded it: As ſoone as hee came home, he found that he had taken a halfe crowne for a ſhilling: He could not reſt, but next day he took a long journey on purpoſe to that Towne, to carry back that halfe crown againe.

He was of a ſweet, milde, and gentle nature, and of a gracious ſpirit: A loving and faithfull Husband, and an indulgent Father; if he failed in any thing, it was in his carriage to his Servants; for truely he did not carry himſelfe as a Maſter to Servants, but as a familiar friend to his freinds. He would make them to ſit down with him, and drinke to them at meat.

He, and my Mother were marryed together well-nigh ſixty yeares; and I am confident in all that time, there never was a diſtaſtefull word betweene them. And indeed, how could there be? Hee lived with her as a man of knowledge; he was a wiſe, faithfull, and tender guide; and ſhe was humble and meek, did reverence, and highly eſteem him: Every word hee ſpake was an Oracle to her, and her will ever cloſed with his Judgment.

He lived to eighty yeares of age: When I (the youngeſt of nine, and the unworthieſt of all) was born, he was forty yeare

of age. He called me the Son of his age, yet lived to see me forty yeares old before he dyed.

He was much and frequent in secret fasting: And when he kept a day, hee told none of the house of it, save my Mother onely (who would not eate that day that he fasted, but oft-times she was with him in his retyring Chamber, to joyn with him in prayer) yet all the Family knew it, because at night hee supped not; but onely had a Toste, and a draught of ordinary Beer to sustaine nature.

On the Sabbath day he never had any thing rost to Dinner, because hee would have none detained at home from the publique Ordinances. The Pot was hung on, and a peice of Beefe and a Pudding in it, that was their constant Lords-day Dinner for well-nigh sixty years.

His Church at *Belsted* stood in a very solitary place: He alwayes kept a Key of it, and would often resort thither all alone. A Gentleman once espying him going to the Church-ward on a private day; hid himselfe till my Father was past, and in the Church; then hee came close up to the Church wall, desirous to peep in at some Window to see what he did, and to hear

his

him, if he sayd any thing. And the Gentleman told me, the last time I was at *Belsted*, that he prayed, then read a Chapter, and after that prayed largely, and very heavenly, as if he had been in his Family, or in the publique Congregation.

He vigorously held on the course of his Ministry to the last. It may be said of him, as of *Caleb*, and *Joshua*; he was as fit for Service in Gods Harvest-field at fourescore, as he was at forty.

Some abatement of bodily strength there was, as old Age did steale upon him: After his after-noon Sermon on the Sabbath, he would be something faint; and commonly when he came home, he would call for some comfortable Draught; and when he had lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and taken it, he would say to them about him, these are Crutches to shore up a ruinous house.

But in his Intellectuals, and Spirituall strength, there was no failing. I cannot but here interfert a Passage that now comes in my minde.

Old Mr. *Benton* of *Wramplingham* in *Norffolke*, a holy man of God, being upon occasion in *Suffolke*, in those parts, could not but give a visite to his old friend

Mr. *Carter* of *Belsted*. Being with him, he heard him discourse with holy Gravity, & a mixture of all kind of Learning, Solidity and Wit; he stood amazed, and said, Mr *Carter*! I see you are like the Palm, and Cedar, that bring forth more Fruit in your Age. *I thank you* (said my Father) *for telling of me what I should be.*

And now the time of his departure was at hand. Some fortnight, or three weeks before his translation, there appeared some decaies in his Body, and his memory did a little faile. He would sometimes (but very rarely) call to go to Sea, and to his better Country. Yet he sat up from morning to night, and walked commonly up and down the Room, and never failed the performance of Prayer, and other Family duties; and so as none could discern any considerable defect in his spirituall, or naturall strength. Onely this, when he had done, he would presently call to begin again; and say, Daughter *Eunice*, (for my Mother being dead about two yeares before, she was the stay of his house, and staff of his Age) shall we not go to Prayer? and when she should answer him, you have been at Prayer already, and you are weary; he would answer, *I feare we have not done what we should do.*

It was an ordinary, yea, a constant passage in every Prayer, that God would vouchsafe a mercifull, and easie passage out of this life; And most graciously did the Lord answer it.

Febr. 21. 1634. being the day before the Sabbath, in the Evening he calls very earnestly for Paper, Ink, and two Pens: for by Gods grace, saith he, to morrow I will Preach twice: But God knowes, he was not in a fit condition for Study: yet with that resolution he went to Bed, and God gave him some rest that night. In the morning upon the Sabbath-day, he did rise out of his Bed, as he used to do, came out of his Bed-chamber into the Hall, and after Prayer he called for his ordinary Breakfast, before he went to the Church, (for still he held his resolution of Preaching) which was an Egge; he took it in his hand, but alas it would not down.

Eunice! saith he, I am not able to go to Church yet; I prethee lead me to my Bed, I will lye down a little, and rest me. So he arose up out of his Chaire, and walked, she supporting of him. And when he came to the Parlour-door, before he put his foot over the Threshold, Oh *Eunice!* sayes he, what shall I do? *Put your trust,*

ſaith ſhe, *in that God of whom you have had ſo much experience, who never yet did leave you, nor forſake you.*

He ſaid,

The Lord be thanked.

So he gather'd up himſelfe, went to the Beds-ſide, ſate downe upon it, and immediately compoſed himſelfe to lye down: He lifted up one of his Legs upon the Bed, without any great difficulty, laid down his Body, and reſted his head upon the Pillow: My poor Siſter ſtood by, expecting ſtill when he ſhould lift up his other leg; ſhe thought he had been fallen aſleep: And ſhe was not miſtaken; ſo it was, it proved his laſt ſleep, and before ſhe could diſcern any change in him, his Soule had taken its flight to Heaven, even into the Armes and Embraces of his bleſſed Saviour, whom he had faithfully ſerved.

Hee intended a Sabbaths Labour for Chriſt, and Chriſt gave him reſt from his Labour; even the reſt of an eternall Sabbath.

When my Siſter began to ſpeak to him, and lift him, ſhe found that his breath was departed, and yet no change in his Countenance at all: his eyes, and his mouth continuing in the ſame poſture they uſed to be in his ſweeteſt ſleeps. Thus

Thus the Lord gave unto his faithfull Servant, the desire of his Soule; such an easie passage, that his death could not be discerned from a sweet naturall sleep.

Not many daies before he dyed, he called my Sister: Daughter, saith he, remember my Love to my Son *John*, I shall see him no more in this life; and remember me to the rest of my Children, and Family, and deliver this message to them all from me.

Stand fast in the Faith, and love one another. This was the last message that ever he sent.

Hee ended his life with a Doxology, breathing out his last, with these words; *The Lord be thanked.*

When he had thus yeelded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, my Sister *Eunice* dispatched a Messenger to me to *Norwich*: For so he had given order before he dyed, that his body should not be put in the Coffin till his Son *John* came. God carryed me through the journey in hard weather: and through his good providence, I arrived at *Belsted* early on the Tuesday. And going to the house of mourning, I found the body of my deceased Father still lying upon the Bed. They uncovered

covered his face: Sweetly he lay, and with a ſmiling countenance, and no difference to the eye between his countenance alive and dead, ſave onely that he was wont to rejoyce and bleſſe me at my approach, now he was ſilent.

I fell upon his face, I confeſſe, and kiſſed him, and lift up my voice and wept, and ſo took my laſt leave of him, till we meet in a better World.

In the afternoon, *February* 4. 1634 at his interring, there was a great confluence of people from all parts thereabouts, Miniſters and others, taking up the words of *Joaſh* the King of *Iſrael*: Oh my Father! my Father! the Chariots of *Iſrael*, and the horſemen thereof! Old Mr. *Samuel Ward*, that famous Divine, and the glory of *Ipſwich*, came to the Funerall, brought a mourning Gowne with him, and offered very reſpectively to Preach his funerall Sermon, now that ſuch a Congregation were gathered together, and upon ſuch an occaſion.

But my Siſter and I durſt not give way to it: For ſo our Father had often charged us in his life time, and upon his bleſſing that no Sermon ſhould be at his buryall. For, ſayd he, it will give occaſion to ſpeak ſome

some good of me that I deserve not, and so false things will be uttered in the Pulpit.

Mr. *Ward* rested satisfied, and did forbeare: But the next Friday at *Ipswich*, he turned his whole Lecture into a Funerall Sermon for my Father, in which he did lament, and honour him, to the great satisfaction of the whole Auditory.

Gloria fugientes sequitur.

Glory is like a shadow; follow it, and it will fly away; fly from it, and it will follow.

For humility hee was most eminent. Humble in his habite, humble in his company: for though his gifts called him before great men, yet his most ordinary converse was with those of inferiour ranck, in whom he saw most of the power of Godlinesse.

He writ very much; but hee left nothing behinde him, save *what is Printed*: *and his Expositon of the Revelation*; and *a Petition to King James for the taking away of burdensome Ceremonies out of the Church*: nothing else but a few broken Papers, which, I suppose, he look'd upon as

as Waſte paper. Surely, he burnt the reſt, when hee ſaw his appointed time draw neer, meerly out of a low opinion of himſelfe and gifts.

He baulked all things that might tend to outward pomp, and oſtentation: He would have no Funerall Sermon: He gave order to be buryed, not in the Church, but in the Church-yard: where hee and my ſweet Mother, that glorious Paire, lye interred together, without ſo much, or rather ſo little as a poore Graveſtone over them.

He had learned of Chriſt to be meek, and lowly in heart; he was humble in his life, and humble in his death; and now the Lord hath highly exalted him.

He kept a conſtant Diary, or day-book, in which he ſet down every day Gods extraordinary diſpenſations, his own actions, and whatſoever memorable things hee heard or read that day.

He caſt up his accounts with God every day; and his ſins were blotted out, before he was called to his laſt reckoning: His day of refreſhing is come, he reſts from his Labours.

Plus vivitur exemplis, quam præceptis, ſaith *Seneca*: Examples of the dead are

Sermo

Sermons for the living. And though when I first set Pen to Paper, I intended onely to recollect some of his doings and sayings (now eighteen yeares after his decease) for my owne memory, instruction, and comfort; yet I cannot but conceive, that the example of this holy man of God, if it be communicated, may be usefull and profitable to the Church of God.

He was a true childe of *Abraham*; and the blessing of *Abraham* fell upon him, *I will blesse them that blesse thee, saith the Lord; and I will curse them that curse thee.* Not long since I was at *Bramford*; there dwelleth an ancient Gentleman, one of great quality, my friend, and my Fathers old friend; he spake thus to me: Mr. *Carter*! I have now lived to see the downfall of all your Fathers opposers, and enemies. There is not one of them, but their Families are scattered, and ruined. Let the Enemies of Gods faithfull Messengers heare, and feare, and do no more wickedly.

I cannot but add one thing more; It may be truely said of him, and his faithfull Yoke-fellow, as it is writen of *Zacharias*, and *Elizabeth*: They were both righteous before God, walking in all the Commandements, and Ordinances of the Lord, blameless.

blameleſſe. I dare ſay, the World will teſtifie, that neither of them did ever do that thing that was unjuſt, or evill, or ſcandalous, or uncomely, their Enemies being Judges. They were as to men without blemiſh, their life was a ſweet ſavour, and they went out of this life as a fragrant perfume.

I confeſſe I have drawn his life very imperfectly. I muſt ſay as the Queen of *Sheba*; the one halfe hath not been told you. It will not be long before the Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſhall open the Books at the laſt, and great day, then, and there you ſhall read his compleat Story.

Prov. 10. 7.

The Memory of the Juſt is, and ſhall be bleſſed.

Reader,

Reader,

IT is ſayd of Chriſts ſayings, and doings; that if they ſhould bee written every one, the World it ſelfe could not containe the Bookes. Farre be it from me to attribute ſo much to my worthy Father. *Yet this much I am certaine of, that there are many things in his Life, and thoſe of very great concernment, which have ſlipped me. Therefore I leave theſe enſuing Pages vacant, that ſo as thou remembreſt any of his holy ſayings, and doings, not mentioned before, thou mayſt write them downe, for thine owne benefit, and the good of others.*

A Rare

A RARE SIGHT, OR THE LYON.

REVEL. 5. 5. *Behold, the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah!*

AT great Solemnities, and extraordinary confluences of people, it is the ancient use, and custome, to bring out strange sights, and shew farr-fetched Rarities.

This is a solemne day; the Cities great anniversary Feast, for the Inauguration of the cheife Magistrate: Here's much concourse from several parts. I shal there-

fore at such a time as this, being called to stand in the middest of such a multitude; produce my Spectacle, and present to your view, the godliest sight, that ever Heaven or Earth afforded; a stately, and a generous Lion from a farre Countrey. *Behold the Lion of the Tribe of Judah.*

Concerning which, I shall propound two things to your observation, the parts of the Text.

1. The Trumpet Sounded; ἰδοὺ *Behold.*

2. The *Sight* or *Shew* presented.

A rare, and strange Living Creature described from

His { 1. Species, kinde. ὁ λέων A Lion. 2. Originall, pedegree, and Country: the most noble, and best bred Lion in the *WORLD.* ὁ ἐκ τῆς φυλῆς ἰούδα. *Of the Tribe of JUDAH.*

These are the parts, and particulars of the Text. But I will not tye my selfe strictly, and punctually to these: or at least, I will lay them aside a while: and accordingly

ding to my plain and usuall way, I shall concerning this Little, yea this great portion of Scripture, dispatch these foure things.

1. I will speak something of the sence, and meaning of the words.

2. I will give you the summe, & substance of all, in one generall proposition, in one plaine doctrine.

3. Then, in the third place, I will returne to the parts and particulars: I will review, search, and examine them, for such speciall observations, and Instructions, as may be profitable: besides the main, and generall doctrine.

4. And last of all, I will (as God shall enable me) endeavour to make profitable use, and application of all.

I stand heer by call, and commission from God. Its my duty to lift up my voice like a Trumpet to Usher in this rare spectacle: and it is required of you, that with *Moses*, you will now turn aside, and see this great sight. *Exod.* 3. 3.

Let him that hath an eare, heare, and him that hath an Eye behold. And the Eye of the God of Heaven be upon all for good: and let *the Lion of the tribe of Judah* be with us, and help us and save us, Amen.

1. And first I am to open and expound the Text.

Behold! This demonstrative, hath singular weight, and moment. *Aliquid repentinum, et insperatum demonstrat.* It points to something that is sudden, unexpected, unhoped for; something that is rare, excellent, and admirable. It hath here in this place a twofold use.

1. To excite, and stir up attention, and intention: it calls for your ears, and eyes.

2. To command. Thus Christ made use of it. It was his word of command. He said unto them *In his Doctrine, Hearken, Behold.* I command you to attend.

So here: it's the sounding of the Trumpet: it invites, it commands you all to fix your Eyes upon this rare, and excellent sight which is now comming forth.

Behold then! But first, I pray, before you look for the Lion, Lift up your eye a little higher, to the first Verse. Then you shall see *A Throne set in Heaven*, and
C. 4. 2. one sitting upon that Throne, in great glory, Majesty, and brightnesse. That is—God the Father! In his right hand he holds *a book, written within, and on the back-side, and sealed with 7. Seals* V. 1.

Q. Who

Q. What Book may this be?

A. It is none other but this Book of the Revelation.

Would you know the Contents of this Book? It is a Propheticall-Hiſtoricall Decretall.

Not onely decreed, but as it were ingroſſed in the Court-Roules of Heaven: It was a great Roule written on both ſides for the multitude, and variety of matters, as containing a compleat Hiſtory of the Church unto the Worlds end: and therefore took up both ſides of the Book, Volume, or Roule.

It containes the decrees, Counſels, and will of God, concerning the future ſtate, and government of the Church. It contains great Myſteries; Of the Kingdome and Tyranny of Antichriſt: of the perſecutions, troubles, and afflictions of the Church in all Ages, till Chriſt ſhall come the ſecond time, and deliver up the Kingdome to God even the Father. It foreſhews the patience, and conſtancy of the faithfull; the utter mine of their Enemies: and their eternall glory, and felicity at the generall judgement, and Conſummation.

Theſe Myſteries are written in a *Book*, i.e. in Gods eternall Præſcience, Providence, and Decree.

But this *Book is clasped up and sealed.* 1. For matter most excellent, and Divine: Kept secret from the knowledge of al creatures: and *with seaven Seales*: most surely as mysteries of the greatest moment, Worth and Certainty.

Therefore behold: vers. 2. *A strong Angel proclaiming with a lond voice*: Like a Herauld or Officer. *Who is worthy*, for the excellency of his person, or for his deserts, *To open the Book, and to loose the Seals thereof?* To disclose these secret decrees, and counsels of God: to dive into these most deep mysteries, that he may make them know to the Church of God in all ages?

Who? O it's a hard, and difficult matter to open the Book, and to loose the Seales. Verse 3. None *in Heaven.* No Angel. None *in Earth*: No Saint living. None *under the Earth.* No Saint departed, whose body is under-ground: or more generally, no creature in Heaven, Earth, or Sea, *was able to open the Book*, to read, understand, or divulge it; *Neither to look thereon.* To have any thing at all to do with it.

Alas! alas! This is a sad thing! Behold verse 5. *John* the Divine weeps much, *Because no man was found worthy to open, and*

to read the Book, &c. He wept much, to ſee himſelfe, and others, deprived of ſo deep, ſo ſweet, and ſo excellent Myſteries; but eſpecially to think, that God ſhould be deprived of the glory of them. What then? Shall the Church never know the Contents of that Book?

Yes, yes, it ſhall. Behold, in the fifth verſe a word of Conſolation. *One of the Elders ſaith unto me, weep not.* One of the body, of the Councill of State; one of the Aſſeſſors, one of the glorified Saints; repreſenting all the faithfull; one, to whom the ſecret of the Lord was revealed. He ſaid to *John, weep not. q.d.* This is thine infirmity; what haſt thou forgotten? Art thou a Maſter, and Teacher in the Church of God, and doſt thou not remember, that great Prophet, the onely begotten Son of God, which is in the boſome of his Father; who from the beginning of the World unto the end of it, ever leadeth the Church into all needfull Truths? Weep not then ſo much, cheer up thy Spirits. Order is taken for the opening, and revealing of the Book.

Behold! behold! Lift up thine eyes now; do'ſt not diſcover *a rare Sight? a Lion!* Behold! *That Lion of the Tribe of* Judah,

the root of David, *he hath prevailed to open the Booke, and to looſe the ſeven Seales thereof.*

I have now brought you down to my Text: your eyes are by this time upon the rare Sight, and I ſhall endeavour to keep them fixed there from henceforth.

The words read, are nothing elſe but an Elegant, Metaphorical deſcription of him, who can, and onely can open, and reveale the Decrees, Counſels, and will of God to the Church.

Behold! with admiration, and joy, this is the Lion. I finde in the Scripture a three-fold Lion. 1. Of the Foreſt. 2. Of the Infernall Pit. 3. Of the Tribe of *Judah.*

1. A Lion of the Foreſt, *Jer.* 5. 6. bred in the Woods, and Defarts. This is a rare, and Noble Creature, the chiefe among Beaſts; this is properly called a Lion.

2. The Lion of the Infernall Pit; that is, the Devill, called ſo by way of ſimilitude; becauſe he is like a Lion. In the Hebrew, אריה a Lion, ſprings out of the root ארה *decerpere* to pluck, rent and teare. Such is the Devill, 1 *Pet.* 5. 8. *Your adverſary the Devill, as a roaring Lion, walketh about ſeeking whom he may devoure.*

3. The

3. The Lion of the Tribe of *Judah.* What is he? Indeed it is a Male, a Noble, Generous, and Famous Lion: Yet not a Beast, (as ſome blaſphemous Hereticks have ſpoken, *horreſco referens*, in theſe leprous times) no! here we muſt leave the Letter, and underſtand it Metaphorically. It is a Lion not to be found amongſt men, (*meere men*) nor Angels. Would you know certainly who it is? The next verſe will tell you. Behold! there you ſhall ſee ſtanding in the midſt of the Elders *A Lamb, as it had been ſlaine*, this is the Lion; for verſe 9. you ſhall finde, it was this Lamb, *who was worthy to take the Booke, and to open the Seales thereof.* Here the Lion, and the Lamb meet in one; plainly therefore, *The Lion, or the Lamb, is hee that was ſlaine, and hath redeemed us to God by his own blood*, even the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, *the root of David.* He, and none other is *the Lion of the Tribe of* Judah. *Iſa. 11. 6.*

Of the Tribe of Judah. *viz.* Of the Poſterity of *Judah*; which excelled all the other Tribes in Courage, Dignity, and Renoune.

You muſt conceive, that here is an alluſion to the Armoriall Enſigne, or Armes of that Tribe.

The

The Lord commands the children of Israel, *Num. 2. 2. Every man shall pitch by his own Standard, with the Ensigne of their Father's house: farre off about the Tabernacle of the Congregation shall they pitch.* All the while they travailed in the Wilderneſſe, they pitch their Tents as an Army, round about the Sanctuary in a Square. The Israelites consisted of twelve Tribes.

Ezek. 48. 20. Revel. 21. 16. And these were divided into foure Regiments: To each Regiment three Tribes, of which every one had a particular Standard or Banner, differing in colour, and forme, and in the Enfigne a Coat of Armes.

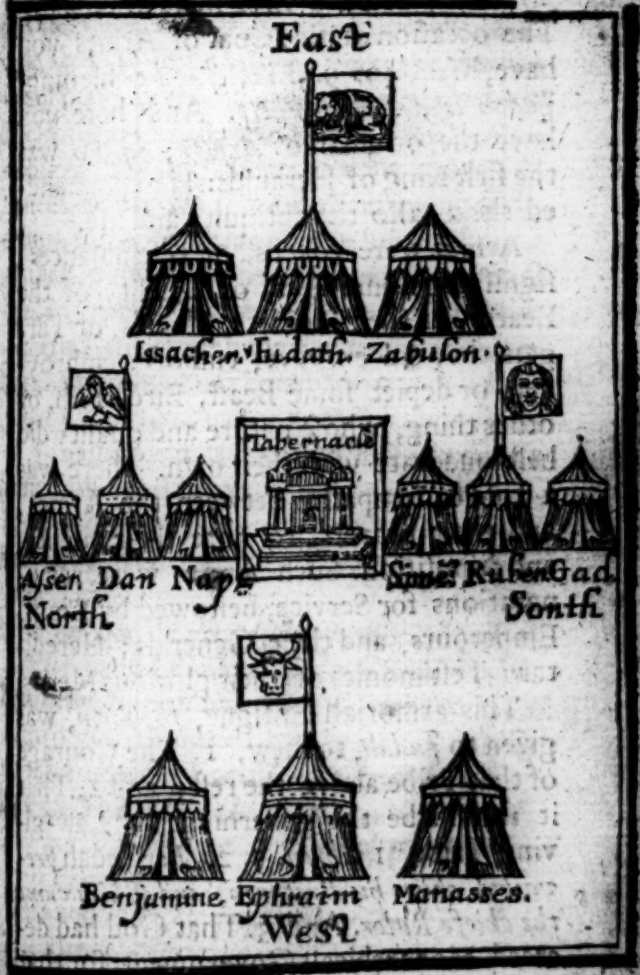
In the front were *Judah*, *Issachar*, and *Zabulon*.

In the Reare *Ephraim*, *Benjamin*, and *Manasses*.

Ainsw. Num. In the North-wing, *Dan*, *Aser*, and *Naphtali*.

In the South-wing, *Reuben*, *Simeon* and *Gad*.

Judah carried a Lion in his Standard: *Reuben* a Man-drake, *Ephraim* an Ox, and *Dan* an Eagle.


East
Issacher. Iudath. Zabulon.
Tabernacle
Assen Dan Nap.
North
Simeon Ruben Gad
South
Benjamine Ephraim Manasses.
West

Judah carried a *Lion* in his Standard. The occaſion of this Coat of Armes you have, *Gen.* 49. 9. *Viz. Jacobs* bleſſing. *Judah is a Lions Whelp.* And here you have the originall of *Armes*; GOD was the firſt King of Heraulds: He commanded them; alſo the antiquity and uſe.

Armes were tokens, or reſemblances, ſignifying ſome Act, or Quality of the Bearer. In their Banners, Shields, or Targets they did engrave, emboſs, embroyder, or depict ſome Beaſt, Bird, Fiſh, or other thing, whoſe nature and quality did beſt quadrate with their own. There was a kind of ſympathy between the Armes, and their bearers, to note their quality, and diſpoſition. Such Armes were remunerations for Service, beſtowed by Kings, Emperours, and their Generals: Hereditary Teſtimonies of their glorious Merits.

This armoriall Enſigne, *the Lion*, was given to *Judah*, to ſhew, 1. The Courage of that Tribe above the reſt; and 2. That it ſhould be the governing, the Law-giving Tribe, 1 *Chron*, 5. 2. *For* Judah *prevailed above his Brethren, and of him came the chiefe Ruler.* And 3. That God had decreed Monarchicall Government for that people, when they ſhould be ſettled in a perfect

perfect ſtate. And 4. That (*David* as the Type, & afterwards) at the fulneſs of time, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt the Antitype, ſhould be born of that Tribe according to the fleſh, and lineally deſcended, through the Loines of many Kings, Succeſſive one to another, as to his humane Nature. And ſo came forth *the Famous Lion of the Tribe of* Judah. *For it is evident that our Lord ſprang out of Judah. Heb.* 7. 14.

And thus you have the ſenſe, meaning, and expoſition of the words.

2.

I ſhall now in the ſecond place, give you the ſum, and ſubſtance of all in one generall propoſition, which I will give you in no other termes then the very words of the Text.

The Lord Jeſus Chriſt is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. For the evidence and demonſtration of this *Theſis*, I will lay it out unto you in three Branches. Doct.

1. That the Lord Jeſus Chriſt is a Lion.
2. That he is *the* Lion.
3. That he is the Lion of the Tribe of *Judah.*

Branch. 1. *The Lord Ieſus Chriſt is a Lion.* The truth of this, with the reaſon, I will give you both together. It is both prophe-

ſied,

ſyed, and typified, *Gen.* 49. 9. *Juda is a Lions Whelp. Judah!* this cannot be meant of the perſon of *Judah*, that's certaine: for he crouched, and bowed downe to *Joſeph* his younger Brother, and dyed in *Ægypt.*

Num. 24.9 Therefore it muſt be underſtood firſt, of the poſterity, of the Tribe of *Judah*. *The Offſpring of Judah ſhall be a Lion's Whelp*: but for what cauſe is he ſo deſcribed? *Propter dignitatem Regiam.* The Lion is *Rex quadrupedum*: The nobleſt of all fourefooted creatures: and the King of all beaſts. *Pro.* 30.30.31. A Lion, and a King put together. In the 8,9, and tenth Verſe of that 49. *cap.* of *Gen.* you have a graphicall deſcription of the Kingly power and Soveraignty that ſhould be in the Tribe of *Judah* many Generations after: ſhewing, that *Judah* ſhall meet with many potent, and implacable enemies to conflict withall: that he ſhall conquer and ſubdue them all. Ver. 8. *Thy hand ſhall be in the neck of thine Enemies.* Ver. 9. *From the prey, my Son thou art gone up.* 1. *Judah* ſhall teare his Enemies in pieces, as a Lion rents his prey. *He ſtouped downe, he couched as a Lion, and as an old Lion.* That notes a full victory over all his Enemies: The Lion's couching is not for feare, but becauſe he hath

hath conquered his prey, and ſcattered all oppoſition; and now, lyeth downe by it in tryumph, feeding and reſting himſelfe in peace. So ſhall *Judah* tread on the neck of all his enemies, and ſit downe in peace. But to raiſe it to the height, it ſignifies, that *Judah* ſhall be the Kingly Tribe, in which ſhould be the Regall power. 1 *Chr.* 5. 2. *Judah prevailed above his Brethren, and of him came the cheife Ruler.* This ſignified, *Verſ.* 8. *Thy fathers Children ſhall bow downe before thee. Verſ.* 10. *The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Lawgiver from betweene his feet, untill Shiloh come*: And this was fulfilled in *David* firſt, and in *Solomon*.

But though the Propheſie were in part fulfilled in the temporall Kingdome of *Judah*, yet chiefly all is verified in Chriſt; and it hath its complement in the Kingdome of Chriſt, and is interpreted, and fully fulfilled in my Text. Jeſus Chriſt is the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*, which words are nothing but a Periphraſis, an elegant metaphoricall deſcription of the Kingdome of Chriſt: Jeſus Chriſt is a Lyon; that is, *Jeſus Chriſt is a King*: Chriſt a King.

Promiſed, *Jerem.* 23. 5. *Behold, the days come*

come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a King shall reigne and prosper, and shall execute judgement and justice in the Earth.

Born. *Matth.* 2. 2. *Where is he that is born King of the Jewes?*

Proclaimed, *Zechariah* 9. 9. *Rejoyce greatly, Oh Daughter of Zion, shout oh Daughter of Jerusalem! Behold thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having Salvation,* &c. Inaugurated, *Matth.* 21. 5.

Leo Coronatus. Crowned, *Psal.* 21. 3. *Thou settest a Crown of pure Gold on his head.* Cantic. 3. 11. *Go forth yee Daughters of Zion, and behold King* Solomon. That is, Jesus Christ, *with the Crown wherewith his Mother Crowned him in the day of his Espousals.* Revel. 6. 2. *He had a Bow, and a Crown was given him.* Cap. 19. 12. *On his head were many Crowns.*

Leo regnans And verse 16. Thus runs his royall Title, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

He was qualified with all Kingly graces, and gifts. He was annointed a King: The משיח Χριστὸς Psal. 45. 7. *God, thy God hath annointed thee with the oyle of gladnesse above thy fellowes.* Of old they did annoint their Kings; but Christ had an Unction above all other Kings. *Saul* ha-

had *a Viall of oyle poured on his head*; *Jehu* a box of oyle, *David* a horn of oyle: every one had their measure: But Christ was annointed, not with materiall oyle, as they, but with the Holy-Ghost, and that with all fulnesse: God gave the Spirit unto him, *non ad mensuram*, *Not by measure*. He was annointed within, and without, all over. 1 Sam. 10. 1. 2 King. 9. 3. 1 Sam. 16. 13. οὐκ ἐκ μέτρου.

1. Within, his inward Unction was with Kingly graces. There are certain gifts, and qualifications requisite for the discharge of the Kingly Function; without which no Monarch can weild the Scepter happily. 1. Strength and Courage: the King must be a mighty and a valiant man to defend his people, and fight their Battels. 2. Wisdome, and understanding, to discern between good and bad, and to judge his people, 1 *King.* 3. 9. 3. Justice, *Prov.* 16. 12. *The Throne is established by righteousnesse.* 4. Mercy, *Prov.* 20. 28. *Mercy and truth preserve the King, and his Throne is upholden by mercy.* All these were eminently, yea infinitely in Jesus Christ; and therefore he was meet to be a King. He was a *Lion.*

1. *The Lion is strongest among Beasts*, *Prov.* 30. 30. Courageous, and Magnanimous

nimous. So Jesus Christ, he excelled all others in power, might, and courage. *The Government is upon his Shoulder.* And he is called the mighty God. *Isa.* 9. 6. *All power is given him in Heaven, and Earth* Matth. 28. 18. *He is the Almighty.* *Rev.* 1. 8. Christ is the generous Lion of undaunted Courage, and invincible strength, to grapple with the Hunters, and savage Creatures.

2. The Lion is an Emblem of Wisdome, as well as of Strength, a Creature that hath great Sagacity. Strange things are written of the wisdome and policy of the Lion, (by, and by you shall meet with some of them) He is crafty in waiting for the Prey, watching his opportunities. *Psal.* 10. 9. *He lyeth in wait secretly, he lurketh in his Den.* He is subtle in deceiving the Hunter: When he is hunted, sometimes he goeth forward, sometimes backward, and sweeps out his footsteps that are from the Hunter, with his taile that no track of his may be found. Whence it became a Proverb, *Leonis Vestigia quæris.* *Gesner.*

In this grace also Christ excelled all others. *Solomon* was famous for wisdome, (for he had fought it of God) for *them*

was none like him before, nor after. But behold! here is a greater then *Solomon*, a wiser then *Solomon*; the Lord Jesus Christ. *In him are hid the treasures of Wisdome, and Knowledge, Col.* 2. 3. And *wisdome* (for Government) is better then Strength. 1 King. 3. 12.

3. In the Lion is observed strict Justice. *Non punit ultra condignum*; If any one hit him, or throweth a dart at him, & hurts him not, the Lion will onely rush against him that strook the blow, & throw him down, but not hurt him: If any wound the Lion, and draw blood, the Lion will turn again, and teare him, but not to death; but if any kill the Lions Whelp, the Lion will slay him.

In this grace of Justice Christ excelled all others. *He shall order his Kingdome, and establish it with Judgment, and with Justice* for ever. Isa. 9. 7. *He loveth righteousnesse and hateth wickednesse.* Psal. 45. 7. *A Scepter of righteousnesse is the Scepter of his Kingdome.* Heb. 1. 8. *He is Melchesidec, King of righteousnesse,* Heb. 7. 2.

4. In the Lion also is clemency, and mercy. He is benevolent to mankind, spares them that prostrate to him, and will not hurt Women, not little Children.

And in this grace also Christ exceeded

all others, *Matth.* 21. 5. *Behold! the King cometh unto the Meek, and ſitting upon an Aſſe, and a Colt, the foſe of an Aſſe.*

Iſa. 42. 2. *He ſhall not cry, nor lift up, nor cauſe his voice to be heard in the ſtreet.* 3. *A bruiſed Reed ſhall he not breake, and the ſmoaking Flax ſhall he not quench.*

Luk. 19. 41. Matth. 9. 36. Heb. 2. 17. He wept over *Ieruſalem*, and had compaſſion on the multitude. *He was a faithfull, and a mercifull high Prieſt*; And he was a faithfull, and a mercifull King. See the oyle with which he was inwardly annointed, poured upon his head altogether, *Iſa.* 11. 2. *And the Spirit of the Lord ſhall reſt upon him, the Spirit of wiſdome, and underſtanding, the Spirit of Counſel, & might, the Spirit of Knowledge, and of the feare of the Lord.*

Here are his Kingly graces, his Lion-like qualifications, whereby he was fitted to weild the Kingdome. No man, Angell, nor Arch-angell; none in Heaven, and Earth, can be found meet to under-go this Office, onely Jeſus Chriſt, *God-man* could beare it.

You have ſeene how the Lion, Meſſiah the Prince, was annointed within.

Now ſecondly, I will make out his Title to the Crown: He had an externall Unctio-

Unction, he was annointed a King. The ancient annointing of Kings, was an outward manifestation, and declaration to the whole World, of their undoubted Right, and Title to their Kingdomes; it was also a publick Assignation.

And this externall Unction had Jesus Christ; not with materiall oyle, but he had a full, and undoubted right to the Government. He was no usurper, he had a solemn calling from God the Father to this Office; and from him he derived a threefold right.

The Kingdome was his.

1. By *Assignation* from the Father, *Psal.* 2. 6. *I have set my King upon my holy Hill of Zion.* Act. 2. 36. *Therefore let all the house of* Israel *know assuredly, that God hath made that same* JESUS *who was crucified, both* LORD, *and* CHRIST.

2. By inheritance, *Psal.* 2. 7. *I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Heb.* 1. 2. *God hath appointed him heire of all things.* Even the wicked Husbandmen acknowledged thus much, *This is the heire, Mat.* 21. 38.

3. By free Donation, *Psal.* 2. 8. *Aske of me, and I shall give thee the Heathen for*

thine Inheritance, and the uttermoſt parts of the earth for thy poſſeſſion.

By this time, the firſt branch, or Propoſition is true and evident. Chriſt is a Lyon, that is, A King. Therefore as after the anoynting of *Jehu*, they blew with Trumpets, and proclaimed, ſaying, *Jehu* is King: So here, having ſeen the anoynting, I blow the Trumpet, & proclaim, *Behold, Chriſt is King: Behold, Chriſt is King.*

Branch 2. *The Lord Jeſus Chriſt is* ὁ λέων, *The Lyon.*

The Lyon of Lyons; The moſt excellent Lyon, the onely Lyon. Chriſt is a King, and there's no King but Chriſt. εἷς κύριος, εἷς βασιλεὺς, *Iſa.* 43. 11. *I am the Lord, and beſide me there is no Saviour.* The cheife Prieſts ſayd, *We have no King but Cæſar.* Chriſtians muſt ſay, We have no King but Chriſt.

κατ' ἐξοχήν.

Joh. 19. 15.

Ob. But haply, ſome will object, Are there not many other Kings? Were there not Kings of *Iſrael* and *Judah*? Had not *Ægypt* their *Pharaohs*, and the *Philiſtims* their *Abimelechs*? Do wee not read in *Daniel*, of the head of Gold? the Silver breaſt

Dan. 2. 32.

breast and armes? the Brasse belly and thighes? the Iron Legs? the four ancient and famous Monarchies? Did wee never heare of the Emperours of the West? And are there not many Kings at this very day, in the World? What, is there but one Lyon in the Forest?

I answer with Saint *Paul*, *There are Lords many*: many Kings: And Saint *Peter* mentions, *The King as supreame*, and that as an Ordinance. But such a King as the Lord Jesus Christ is not in the whole World. And I will shew you some differences between Christ the King, and all other Kings. 1 Cor. 8. 50.

1. Christ is the onely absolute, supream, soveraigne, independent King; the onely Lord Paramount: all other Kings have but a derived, delegated power from him. *Pro.* 8 15. *By me Kings raigne* (saith the Lord Jesus, the wisedome of the Father) *and Princes decree Justice.* All other Kings are but subordinate, Viceroys, Lord-Deputies.

2. All other Kings are men, meer men; Jesus Christ is God and man; as he is *the man Christ Jesus*, so he is God over all, blessed for ever. No other King *God-Man*, but he. 1 Tim. 2. 5. Rom. 9. 5

3. In regard of bounds: all other Kings, they have Dominion only over ſome part, and a little part of the World: Indeed there have been Monarchs that have ſtyled themſelves Emperours of the World; but they were miſtaken two wayes: Firſt, in their times ſcarce halfe the habitable part of the World was diſcovered: Secondly, Had they had all they layd claime to, it was but to the lower and baſer part of the World, *the Earth*: But the Lord Jeſus Chriſt hath an univerſall Kingdome. *Pſal.* 72. 8. *He ſhall have Dominion from Sea to Sea, and from the River unto the ends of the Earth.* v. 9. *They that dwell in the Wilderneſſe ſhall bow before him, and his enemies ſhall lick the duſt.* v. 10. *The Kings of Tarſhiſh, and of the Iſles ſhall bring preſents; the Kings of Sheba, and Seba ſhall offer gifts.* v. 11. *Yea, all Kings ſhall fall down before him, all Nations ſhall ſerve him.* He is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; yea, he is King of Heaven and Earth, and of all things in them. There is no univerſall King but he.

4. In reſpect of duration: All other Kings are men that dye, and their Kingdomes have their fatall periods: few Kingdomes continue above five hundred years.

We

We uſe to ſay, So many yeares raigned the *Chaldeans* and *Babylonians*; ſo many the *Medes* and *Perſians*, ſo many the *Græcians*, and ſo many the *Romans* (that I meddle not with the fatall mutations in our Nation.) The Lord often ſpeaks to earthly Kings in his wrath, *The Lord hath rent the Kingdome of Iſrael from thee*; ſaith *Samuel* to *Saul*: even *this day* he hath done it, *and hath given it to a neighbour of thine, that is better then thou.* And this was the Writing that was written concerning *Belſhazzar*, *Thy Kingdome is divided, and given to the Medes and Perſians.* 1 Sam. 15. 28.

But unto the Sonne; unto the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, *the Father ſaith, Thy Throne O God is for ever and ever.* God the Father ſpeaks concerning his Son, as *Jupiter* is brought in ſpeaking of the *Romans*:

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,
Imperium ſine fine dedi.

His ſeed will I make to endure for ever, and his Throne as the dayes of Heaven. His Throne ſhall be as the Sun before me. It ſhall be eſtabliſhed for ever as the Moon: and as a faithfull witneſſe in Heaven. SELAH. Pſal. 89. 29. 36. 37.

The Angell *Gabriel* was ſent from God to the Virgin *Mary*, with this Oracle, *Thou ſhalt conceive, & bring forth a Son: and* Luk. 1. 31. 32. 33.

ſhalt

shalt cal his name Jesus. He shal be great, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his Father David. And he shall raigne over the House of David for ever, and of his Kingdome there shall be no end. Jesus Christ is *the Lyon*. The Lyon is a Creature (as *Pliny* writes) that lives long to an incredible age, but Christ is the Lyon that never dyes. And there is no eternall King but Christ.

You have the second Branch or Proposition: I passe to

Branch 3. *Jesus Christ is the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah.*

First, And according to the Letter, *He was King of Iudah.* He had a juſt right and title to the temporall Crowne and Kingdome. *He was of the Seed of David according to the flesh*; lineally descended from his loynes, and by undoubted succession the King and Prince, being of the Kingly race. This will appear by the Genealogies. Saint *Matthew, chap.* 1. sets downe the Pedegree of *Ioseph*, the Husband of *Mary*, his supposed Father. Hee descended from *David* through the loynes of *Salomon*. Saint *Luke, chap.* 3. 23. describes

Rom. 1. 3.

ſcribes the Pedegree of the Virgin *Mary* his Mother that bare him; ſhee deſcended from *David* through the loynes of *Nathan*.

The Husband and Wife were both of the ſame Family; and therefore Chriſt had a title to the temporall Kingdome, Crown, and Dignity, both by the Fathers and Mothers ſide. Heralds came from the Eaſt to proclaime him King there, ſaying, *Where is he that is borne King of the Iewes? For we have ſeen his ſtarr in the Eaſt.* *Matth.* 2. 2. This *Pilate* ſubſcribed, and would not revoke it, *Ieſus of Nazareth the King of the Iewes.*: He was a Lyon true bred.

But as for this temporall Kingdome and Dominion over *Iudah* & the other Tribes, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt would not meddle with it. Hee had indeed, *jus ad rem*: but would never take poſſeſſion. They would *have taken him by force to make him King*, *Joh.* 6 15. but he perceiving it, departed, and hid himſelfe in a Mountaine. Hee departed from his owne right: abdicated the earthly Kingdome, and would not meddle with it.

Therefore ſecondly, By *the Tribe of Iudah*, wee muſt underſtand the ſame thing that is ſignified by *Mount Sion*, and the

City

City of the living God: and, *the heavenly Jerusalem, Heb.* 12. 22. And what is that? *Vers.* 23. will tell you, *The generall assembly and Church of the first borne, which are written in Heaven.* The whole company of the Elect, who are ordained to life eternall.

Christ is the King of his Church, and the Church is Christs Kingdome: The Elect, the company of true Beleevers are his subjects, and none else. *Psal.* 2. 6. I have set my King upon my *holy hill of Sion:* that is, over the Church. As *Pharaoh* made *Joseph* Governour over all his House, Act. 7. 10. so God the Father made his Sonne Jesus Christ King, and Governour of the house of God; that is, the Church of God. This *Nathanael* confesseth in his little *Creed, John* 1. 49. *Thou art the son of God: thou art the King of Israel:* His peculiar jurisdiction is over the Church,

Quest. But is not Christ a great *King over all the Earth? Psal.* 47. 2.

Answ. Christ hath a twofold Kingdome.

1. *Regnum potentiæ*: his Kingdome of power; by which, as God, together with the *Father*, and the *holy Ghost*, hee powerfully rules over all Creatures in Heaven and

and Earth. And ſo all Men and Women in the World are his Subjects; yea, whether they will or no.

2. *Regnum gratiæ,* The Kingdome of grace: Whereby as Mediator, hee calls and governs his Church and choſen: And in regard of this latter he is ſayd properly, and peculiarly to be the King of his Church, and of his Church onely.

Thus you have ſeen:

1. *That Chriſt is a Lyon, a King.*
2. *That he is the Lyon, the onely King.*
3. *That he is the Lyon of the Tribe of Iudah.*

Now attend to the reaſon of all together. Why muſt the Lord Jeſus Chriſt be ſuch *a Lyon?* ſuch *a King?*

He muſt be a Lyon, a King, becauſe he is Mediator of his Church. This great and high office of a King was ſo neceſſary, that the Church could never have been ſaved, except Chriſt had born it. *Reaſon.*

A Mediatour is for the reconciling of parties that are at variance: and hee that undertakes the work, muſt be in grace and favour with both parties, and he muſt deal, not onely between, but with both parties; with the party offended, and the party offending. Here the parties at odds, are God and

and Man. God is the party offended, Man is the party offending: You know how the quarrell began; man by transgressing against the Commandement, and eating of the prohibited Tree, highly provoked God
Gen. 3. here came in the enmity, and man cast under an eternall curse; and must have remained under the sentence of death for ever, without a Mediator to take up the quarrell, and make peace. The Lord Jesus
1 Tim 2. 5. Christ undertakes this office. *There is one Mediator between God and man: the man Christ Jesus.* He therefore must deal and negotiate with both parties; and to this end he puts himself upon a threefold office, of a *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*.

1. And first hee deales with the party offended; with God for men. This he
Heb. 5. 1. doth in his Priestly office. *Every high Priest* saith the Apostle, *is taken from among men, is ordained for men* [τὰ πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν] *in things pertaining to God, that he may offer gifts and sacrifices for sin.* Here you see, he deals with God, on the behalfe of men offending, and how? by offering sacrifices: that is, by way of satisfaction. The sentence was out, *That day thou eatest of it, that day thou sinnest, thou shalt dye certainely*

tainly. Gods juſtice now could not be ſatisfied, nor any reconciliation made without death; no nor without the death of ſuch a perſon as was without ſin, without any exception; yea ſuch a perſon as muſt be God as well as man, becauſe the ſatisfaction muſt be infinite. Jeſus Chriſt is willing (Oh the infinite grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt!) to negotiate in this great buſineſſe with his Father: and on mans behalfe he doth three things. 1. He ſuffers whatſoever man ſhould have ſuffered, to ſatisfie God and acquit ſinfull man. They write of the Lyon, that he alwayes hath a quartain ague: I am ſure Jeſus Chriſt, the *Lyon of the tribe of Judah*, hee had a quotidian for us. *Hee was a man of ſorrowes, well acquainted with griefe*, from his birth to the Croſſe; Yea, he dyed a bloody and a moſt accurſed death, to appeaſe the wrath of God, *and ſlay the enmity*. And here the Lyon becomes a Lambe; *brought as a Lambe to the ſlaughter*: and is the very Lambe mentioned in the next Verſe, *which ſtood in the midſt of the Elders, as it had been ſlaine*. Thus he ſatisfieth. Eph. 2. 16. Iſa. 53. 7. Rev. 5. 6.

A ſecond buſineſſe he doth for man, is, as a Prieſt, to pray, and intercede to, and with his Father, that his Sacrifice may be availeable,

availeable, and effectuall to the salvation
Joh. 17. 20. of his Church. *I pray* (saith Christ) *for these with* me now, *and for all them also that shall beleeve on me.*

Thirdly, He doth ingage to his Father that all that the Father hath given him shall beleeve. That hee will work faith in them by his Spirit, *John* 6.3. *All that the Father giveth* me, *i.e.* all the Elect, *shal come to me, i. e.* they shall beleeve. Thus Christ is an agent for man with God. And in this Priestly office, he purchased his Kingdome. *Therefore*, saith God the Father, *will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoyle with the strong; because he hath poured out his soule unto death; and he was numbred with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.*

Againe secondly, it is necessary, that he deale and negotiate on Gods part, with men; and this he doth as

a { Prophet. / King.

1. As a Prophet: He is sent out of the bosome of his Father unto men, to open
Joh. 1.18. the Book, *Revel.* 5. 7. 9. to declare and make knowne the secret counsell and will

of God concerning the great work of redemption: what a new contract is drawne up between the Father and the Son; what Jesus Christ hath done for man; how he hath satisfied his debt, which he was not able to pay, and how God hath accepted of it, for all those that do beleeve in him. The summ of which negotiation you have, *John* 6. 40. *And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son* (i. e. beleeveth on him) *may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.*

2. As a King: To impute and apply that great benefit of *Redemption* to man, and to make it effectuall: And to accomplish this, he must be *a Lyon*, he must be *a King*, and that for these causes.

1. To gaine and gather his Kingdome: To gaine them first into the Kingdome of grace, and at last to gather them into the Kingdome of glory. Now to effect this, he must be *a Lyon*, a potent King; for he must conquer before he can raigne, yea he must make a double conquest. 1. Hee must conquer his subjects; he finds them all Enemies at first, all Rebels: it is truely sayd of all the Children of *Adam*: *This people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart.*

Now these rebellious hearts Christ must subdue, and bring into subjection, making them a beleeving, a loving, a willing people. Christ cannot gaine a Subject into his Kingdome but he must first conquer. 2. He also must conquer another Lyon, the Enemy Lyon: he is described by Saint *Peter Epist.* 1. *chap.* 5. *Vers.* 8. *Your adversary the Devill, as a roaring Lyon walketh about seeking whom he may devour.* In the pawes of this Lyon are all men and women in the World by nature. *The Prince of the power of the ayre*, that evill Spirit *worketh in the Children of disobedience, Ephes.* 2. 2. The Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*, must conquer that roaring Lyon the Devill before hee can gather a Kingdome, and raigne.

Quest. *But how doth he conquer the Devill? how doth he conquer his Subjects?*

Answ. Hee conquerd the Devill, as he was God, by force and might, by his infinite power. As man and Mediator, he conquered him by his blood, by the merit and efficacy of his passion. *He took part of our flesh and blood, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devill. And deliver them who through feare of death, were all their*

life time subject to bondage, Heb. 2.14,15. *Hee spoyled Principalities and Powers, hee made a shew of them openly, tryumphing over them in it:* that is, *in* or *upon* his Crosse, *Col.* 2. 15. Faith seeth Christ upon the Crosse, as sitting in a tryumphall Chariot. *Duo* (saith *Origen*) *in cruce affixi intelliguntur: Christus visibiliter, sponte sua, ad tempus: Diabolus invisibiliter, invitus, in perpetuum.*

Hee conquers the rebellious hearts of his Subjects; and *gathers together into one Kingdome, the Children of God that were scattered abroad*, by his voice, Scepter, and Sword. Joh. 11. 52.

By his voice. The Lyoness, as the learned write, brings forth her Whelps dead, and so they continue three dayes: then the other Lyon doth set out his voice, and roar over them, and then they revive and live. Christ is the Lyon, his people are his Whelps: They are all still-borne: *Dead in trespasses and sinnes.* Christ lifts up his voice, and roares in the Preaching of the Gospel, by which he recovers the life of his people. *Verily, verily, I say unto you*, saith our blessed Saviour, *Joh.* 5. 25. *The houre is coming, and now is, when the dead shall heare the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.* *Vocation.* Eph. 2. 1.

By his Scepter: And that is the same, even the Preaching of the Gospell, *Psal.* 110. 2. *The Lord shall send the Rod*, or the Scepter, *of thy strength*: that is, the Ministry of the Gospel, *out of Zion*: and by it, *thou shalt rule in the middest of thine Enemies*: Those that were enemies, by that spirituall Scepter, thou shalt make them loving Subjects, and *a willing people*, *vers.* 3.

By his Sword: And that's the same still, the Preaching of the Gospell. This is the *sharpe two-edged Sword that went out of Christs mouth. Revel.* 1. 16. this is *quick and powerfull, and sharper then any two-edged Sword, peircing even to the dividing asunder of soule and spirit, joynts and marrow.* This is the two-edged Sword in the hand of the Saints; *which binds Heathen Kings in Chaines, and Nobles in fetters of Iron*: That is, the Gospel brings Heathen Princes and people into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ. This is that *Sword of the spirit*, even, *the Word of God*, spoken of by Saint *Paul*: And there you have the consummation of the conquest: Yes, when the spirit seconds the Word, when the holy Ghost carries it home to the heart. Thus the Lyon, the King, the Lord Jesus Christ conquers.

Psal. 149. 6.

Eph. 6. 17.

conquers, thus he calls his ſubjects together into one Kingdome, by the Word outwardly Preached to the eare, and by the ſpirit effectually working upon the heart; moving, and ſweetly perſwading it to obey the calling of Chriſt.

2. Chriſt muſt be a Lyon, a King, to governe his ſubjects, his Church: Without Government no Society can ſtand; when *there was no King in Iſrael, every man did what ſeemed good in his owne eyes:* and all things went to wrack. Chriſt muſt be a King, to give Lawes: So Chriſt: *There is one Lawgiver:* even this Lyon: and to rule, ſo Chriſt; he rules in the hearts of his people, and governs them by his ſpirit, *They are led by the ſpirit of God, as many as are the ſons of God. Judah,* that is, the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah, is his Lawgiver*: And he doth not onely give Lawes, but (that which no King nor Potentate elſe in the World can do) *he puts his Law in their inward parts, and writes it in their hearts, Jer.* 31. 33.

Judic. 17. 6. Jam. 4. 12. Rom 8. 14. Pſal. 60. 7.

3. Chriſt muſt of neceſſity be a Lyon, a King, to protect and defend his Church, people, ſubjects. The Lyon will ſtand to the defence of his young ones, even to the death; and having the prey in his paw,

the more any offer to take it from him, t
faster he holds it: So the Lyon of the Tri
of *Judah*.

The Kingdome of Christ is ever bes
Psal. 2. 1, 2, 3. with Enemies, *The Heathen rage, the p*
ple conspire: the Kings of the earth set the
selves, and the Rulers take Counsell tog
ther, against the Lord, and against his a
nointed: against his Christ. *They have, no*
Eph. 6. 12. onely, *flesh and blood, but Principalities a*
Powers also; the Rulers of the darknesse
this World, and spirituall wickednesse
high places, to wrestle withall. And there
fore without a strong Protector, this kin
dome would soone be dissolved and la
desolate. Now the Lyon of the Tribe
Judah, the Lord Jesus Christ undertak
the protection of it. *Hee will create upon*
Isa. 4. 5. *very dwelling place of mount Zion, and u*
her Assemblies, a cloud, and a smoak by d
and the shining of a flaming fire by nigh
for upon all the glory shall be a defen
Matth. 16. 18 *And the Gates of Hell shall not preva*
against it.

4. The Lord Jesus Christ must be
Lyon, the King, to exercise judiciary po
er, to execute judgement.

To bring Malefactors to condigne
nishment, to destroy the implacable E

mies of his Church and Kingdome. He is therefore a Lyon, and a Bear too, *Hos.* 13. 7. *Therefore will I be unto them as a Lyon, as a Leopard by the way will I observe them.* Vers. 8. *I will meet them as a Bear that is bereaved of her Whelps, and will rent the Caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a Lyon: the wilde beast shall tear them.* Luke 19. 27. *But those mine enemies that would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me.*

Hee also must be a Lyon, a King, to distribute rewards to his good and faithfull Subjects. *The Lyon doth teare in peices enough for his Whelps, and strangled for his Lyonesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with Ravine:* So the Lord Jesus, *Divides the spoyle with the strong.* He spoyled Principalities and Powers. *He ascended up on high, hee led Captivity captive, and gave gifts to men, Ephes.* 4. 8. As a King hee will, hee will inrich his subjects with grace here, and glory hereafter: he will reward his followers, not for their merits sake, but for his mercies sake. He will say to one, *Well done thou good servant, because thou hast been faithfull in a very little, have thou authority over ten Cities:* And to another, *Be thou also over five Cities. And*

Nah um. 2. 12.

Isa. 53 12.

Psal. 68. 18.

Luk. 19. 17. 19.

Matth. 19.28.29. *they that follow him in the Regeneration, when Christ the King shall sit in the throne of his glory; they also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses, or Brethren, or Sisters, or Father, or Mother, or Wife, or Children, or Lands,* to become his subjects, *shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherite everlasting life.*

Thus have you the generall Doctrine.

3. Before I come to make application of it, I will addresse my selfe to my third task, and returne to the parts of the Text, and take a review of them; and speake something to them, and observe something from them distinctly and very shortly. The parts you may remember are two.

1. The Trumpet sounded.
2. The sight, or shew presented.

1. For the first: The Trumpet sounded. *Behold!* This demonstrative, as it points to some admirable thing, so it is a word of command. Here

Observe, It is the duty of every Christian to behold the Lord Jesus Christ. As Saint *John* the Divine is here called upon

to

to behold; ſo is every one enjoyned to eye the Lyon: that is, the Lord Jeſus: *Iohn* the Baptiſt calls as much upon his Diſciples, *to behold the Lambe of God which taketh away the ſins of the World*, *Iohn* 1. 29. Even *Pilate* could call unto the *Jews*, ſaying. *Behold your King!* *Iohn* 19.14.

But why muſt we alwayes ſet our eyes upon Chriſt? There are many reaſons: I will faſten onely upon one, namely, Wee muſt alwayes behold him, that wee may imitate and follow him. *Behold thy King*, ſaith the Prophet Zechariah, how he *cometh, he is juſt, meeke, and lowly*. And why muſt we thus behold him? Chriſt himſelfe will give you the reaſon, *Matth.* 11. 29. that you may *learne of him to be meeke and lowly in heart*. *I have given you my example*, ſaith the Lord Jeſus, *Iohn* 13. 15. *that you ſhould do as I have done to you*. *Iudah* had a Lion in their Standard, and that they were to follow. Jeſus Chriſt is our Standard, *The root of Ieſſe*: *i. e.* Chriſt, ſpringing out of *Davids* ſtock, *ſhall ſtand for an Enſigne of the people*. *Luke* 2. 34. *Behold*, ſaith *Simeon*, *this Childe Ieſus*, is ſet εἰς σημεῖον, for a Banner, which ſhall meet with contradiction: a military ſigne. It

Reaſon.

Zech. 9. 9.

is

is our duty to follow our Ensigne, and that is *a Lyon.*

2. You have heard the Trumpet sounded: I will now lead you to the second part of the Text, *Viz.* The sight, or shew, *The Lyon of the tribe of Iudah*: and why of the Tribe of Judah? The Apostle shall give you the reason clearly, *Heb.*7.14. *For it is evident that our Lord sprang out of Iudah.*

Observe then, the Pedigree of this Lyon. He came out of the loynes of *Judah*, the fourth Son of *Jacob*, and was born in that Tribe. In the words next following my Text, Christ is called *the root of David*: which metaphoricall expression doth imply two things.

1. That Christ indeed is *Davids* root, *David* sprang from him. *David in spirit called him Lord*, and hee might also call him Father, for Jesus Christ is *the everlasting Father*, *Isa.* 9. 6. *All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made, that was made*, *Iohn* 1. 3. Even *David* had his originall from him.

Matth. 22. 43.

Secondly, and most properly, the meaning is, that *David* was the root of Christ: that is, Christ sprang from *David.* God raised up Christ out of the decayed House of

of *David*, by his mighty arme. So plainly *Isa.* 11. 1. *There ſhall come forth a Rod out of the ſtemme of* Jeſſe, *and a branch ſhall grow out of his roots.*

You have both together, *Revel.* 22. 16. *I am* (ſaith Chriſt) *the Root, and the Offſpring of David.* I bear *David*, in regard of my Deity: and I come of *David*, in regard of my Humanity: The whole amounts to thus much, *That Chriſt is Man.* He is God of the ſubſtance of his Father, begotten before the Worlds: and Man of the ſubſtance of his Mother, borne in the World: Of a reaſonable ſoule, and humane fleſh ſubſiſting. *Jeſus Chriſt our Lord was made of the Seed of David, according to the fleſh, Rom.* 1. 3. He took our fleſh, he took all our infirmities, *ſin onely excepted.* Heb. 4 15.

4. I have by Gods gracious aſſiſtance finiſhed the Doctrinall part: I enter now upon my fourth and laſt taske, but not the leaſt: It is, to make application. Put all together that I have ſpoken, and it will be profitable. 1. To inſtruct. 2. To convince. 3. To exhort. 4. To comfort. I ſhall proſecute theſe diſtinctly: the Lord order and direct my tongue, and rightly diſpoſe your hearts for the obedient receiving

ceiving of the word. *Behold, and hearken.*

I. And first it wil serve for our Instruction. From all that hath been said, we may gather divers πορίσματα: Corollaries, Consectary conclusions; as additions for our better information, concerning *this Lion, this* King.

Obs. 1. *Quale Regnum.*

What manner of Kingdome, the Kingdome of Christ is: A Spiritual, not a temporall Kingdome.

The Conquest of temporall, and earthly Kings, is of Countries, Cities, Castles, Navies. The Conquest of Christ our King, is of the hearts of his people; he brings them into subjection. The Rule of Temporall, and Earthly Kings, is over the bodies, and goods of their Subjects. But Christs Throne is set up in the Soules of his people; by his Spirit he rules in the inward man. Temporall Kingdomes are obtained, & defended by force of Armes, carnall Weapons, the Arm of flesh; but Christs Kingdome is won, and maintained by Spiritual Weapons; the Word, and Spirit. *For the Weapons of our Warfare are*

not

not carnall, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of ſtrong holds, caſting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth it ſelfe againſt the Knowledge of God, and bringing into Captivity every thought to the obedience of Chriſt. 2. *Cor.* 10. 4. 5. Chriſt himſelfe renounceth all temporall, and earthly Dominion. Thus Ieſus anſwered *Pilate: My Kingdome is not of this World; if my Kingdome were of this World, then would my Servants fight, that I ſhould not be delivered to the Jewes; but now is my Kingdome not from hence, Joh.* 18. 36. In reſpect of Dominion, Right, and Title; all the Kingdomes of the World are the Lord Ieſus Chriſt's. He hath *jus ad rem*: But in regard of Poſſeſſion, and uſe, hee abdicates all. He never owned any temporall Poſſeſſions: *When they would have come, and taken him by force, to make him King, he departed alone himſelfe, and hid himſelfe in a Mountaine, Joh.* 6. 15.

The more is their folly, that by being Subjects of Chriſts Kingdome, expect chiefly temporall good things, Riches, Honours, and Pleaſures. So the Iewes, they alwaies dreamed of a worldly Kingdome, and yet expect a *Meſſiah* to come with outward Pomp, and worldly Glory.

Yea

Yea the very Apoſtles were nibling at this. *Act.* 1. 6. *Wilt thou at this time reſtore the Kingdome to* Iſrael? And the Mother of *Zebedees* Children lingred after this: *Grant that theſe my two Sons may ſit, the one at thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy Kingdome.* She meanes a temporall Kingdome: But what ſaith Ieſus Chriſt to her? *Yee know not what you ask; are you able to drink of the Cup that I ſhall drinke of, and to be baptized with the Baptiſme that I am baptized with?* Can you drink of a cup of deadly Wine, with me? Can you endure to be plunged over head, and eares, in a flood of Afflictions? This you muſt look for in my Kingdome: Riches, and Honours, and Offices, theſe are not the good things of Chriſts Kingdome; no, no. *The Kingdome of God, is not meat, and drink, but righteouſneſſe, and peace, and joy in the Holy-Ghoſt, Rom.* 14. 17.

Matth. 20. 21.

2. Againſt the Chiliaſts, or Millenaries: That the 1000 yeares reigne of the Saints upon the Earth, is but a meer dream, a falſhood, a groſſe erron. They fancy to themſelves, that a 1000 years before the generall reſurrection, Chriſt in his humane nature ſhall come to *Ieruſalem*, where he was crucified: that all the Martyrs

tyrs, and Saints departed of the old and new Testament shall rise in their Bodys: and that they, and all the living Saints shall raign with him 1000 yeares. They shall subdue with bloudshed all wicked Princes, and disobedient Nations. They shall live without any disturbance from any enemy without, or within.

That they shall all live without sin, and without Ordinances: that they shall passe these 1000 years with all manner of earthly delights, begetting many children, eating and drinking, and making merry. This error, (first set a foot by that Arch-heretick *Cerinthus*) I will not enter the lists to encounter it, I will not meddle with the controversy. I shall only speak a word, if it may be, to shame the fautors of this fond fancy. What, a Saint? and so addicted to carnall pleasures? Did Christ ever enjoy such an earthly Kingdome? Alas, alas! *The Foxes have holes, and the fowles of the Aire have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.* He contemned these low things. And what must the Saints his followers look for upon earth? Christ himselfe shall tell them: *If any man will come after me, let him deny himselfe, and take up his Crosse, and follow me.* Christ went

Matth. 8. 20.

Matth. 16. 24.

went through this World bearing the Crosse; and shall the Saints look to weare Crownes here below? The generous Lyon will not eat any dead thing, or stinking carcase, only what is living, and sweet: he takes his prey & eats it whilest it bleeds, and trembles. These earthly things, riches, honors, pleasures, are but dead things, stinking carkases. Surely all those whose hearts and affections feed upon them, they are not right whelps of the Lyon of the Tribe of *Iudah*.

If you be not ashamed of the love of the World, *The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the Pride of life*; The worlds Trinity, Pleasures, profits, preferments; Yet be ashamed to affect a temporall reigne, because Christ renounced it. I shall say no more to them that expect such a carnall raigne with Christ on earth, but what Saint *Augustine* saith to the Theefe upon the Crosse, in his elegant *Prosopopœia*, *Lord*, sayes the Malefactor to Jesus, *remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdome?* Kingdome, sayes *Augustine*, *Quid Regnum vides?* What royalty, Oh wretched man, dost thou behold? what Crown dost thou see, but a Crown of Thornes? what Robe? what Purple? but a Common Soul-

1 Joh. 2. 16.

Luk. 23. 42.

Matth. 27. 29.

dier

diers tattered Red-coat? what Scepter but a Reed? what homage, but the mocks and taunts of the raging multitude? what throne but the Crosse? what guard, but the barbarous executioners?

Here's Christs raigne upon earth; hee raigned in suffering, he conquered by dying, he tryumphed in the Crosse: go thou and be content to do likewise.

Obser. 3. The Lord Jesus Christ is *the Lyon* of the Tribe of *Judah*; *the King* of his Church.

Then, the government of the Church is Monarchicall. This is the happinesse of the Church: Monarchy is the best Government, and Christ is the best King: And no King of the Church but Jesus Christ. *God hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is his body, Eph.* 1.22,23.

Here at one blow, off goes the triple Crowne. The Popes Kingdome is overthrowne, and the High Priest of *Rome*, the Universall Bishop is deposed; if the Pope be King, then there are two Kings of the Church, and Jesus Christ is not THE Lyon, the onely King.

Bellarmine grants it, that Christ is the onely King, and Monarch of the Church,

which doth *spiritually* and *invisibly* govern it: yet saith he, the Church being corporall and visible, it stands in need of some one to be the visible and highest judge to decide controversies, to compose all strifes about Religion, to ordaine all inferiour Officers, Bishops, Pastors, *&c.* To containe them in their duties, and keep them in unity; and the visible government of the Church must be Monarchicall. The Church of *Rome* hath found out other *Lyons*, besides the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*: They usually called their Popes *Leones*. In 440. they had their *Leo Magnus*, and ten since him have borne the same name. But the Pope must change his kind, and be content to be another Beast. A roaring and a devouring Lyon we will allow him to be, who rents and teares the Saints of God. But Christ is the onely Lyon of *Judah*, the onely King of his Church.

That there is a visible, and externall government of the Church, distinct from the Politicall, by the word and discipline we affirme: But Jesus Christ hath ordained it, not Monarchicall, but Aristocraticall, *Matth.* 18. 17. *Acts* 20. 17, 28. 1 *Tim.* 5. 17. It must be governed by the *Bishops*, *Pastors*,

Paſtors, *Teachers*, *Elders*, and *Deacons*; in the ſeverall Precincts. The whole world is too large a Dioces for any one mortall Creature to take care of. The care of all Churches is beyond the ſtrength of any one man. Onely the Lyon of the Tribe of *Iudah* can open the Book, and read it to all Churches: Hee onely can rule, and govern all Churches. Chriſt himſelfe is preſent to all his Churches; namely, by his Spirit, which is more to the advantage of all Churches, then his bodily preſence would be, *Ioh.* 16. 7. And therefore none of the Churches ſtand in need of the Pope, to give Lawes to them, or to govern them. He is an Uſurper, and muſt down; Chriſt is *the Lion*, the onely King of the Church.

Obſerv. 4. Chriſt is the Lyon of the Tribe of *Iudah*; that is, lineally deſcended from the Patriarch *Iudah*. That may ſeem ſtrange; why ſhould not the Meſſiah have ſprang rather out of *Reuben*? Becauſe he was the firſt-born: *Iudah* was the fourth Son of *Iacob*. The reaſon hereof you have, *Gen.* 35. 22. *Reuben went and lay with* Bilhah *his Fathers Concubine*. He committed this foule ſin, *and Iſrael heard it*: And for this cauſe he diſinherited *Reuben*, and the bleſſing of the Birth-right Gen. 35. 22, 23, &c.

fell upon *Judahs* head. He became *the Lyon*; the Soveraignty and Princedome was his. Observe then, *Sin disinheriteth*: See this, *Heb.* 12. 16. *Least there be any fornicator, or prophane person, as* Esau; *who for one morsell of meat, sold his Birth-right*, 17. *For ye know that afterward when he would have inherited the Blessing, he was rejected.* Here you have 2 distinct examples to confirm this truth. First, the *Fornicator*, namely *Reuben*, who defiled his Fathers Concubine, and for that was disinherited. Secondly, *Esau* was the first-born, yet lost the Inheritance, the Lordship, and Dominion, because of his prophaneness; For the sentence was passed from the mouth of God: *The Elder shall serve the younger*, *Gen.* 25. 23.

Haply, some vile, and desperate Sinners will make nothing of this. Tush, say they, let them looke to this that are borne to Lands, and great Possessions; our Fathers have not a penny to leave us, we have no Inheritance to loose: What, no Inheritance? *Then are you Bastards and not Sons.* Then God is not your Father; all the true Children of God have a two-fold Inheritance. The grace, favour, and blessing of God in this life, and eternall glory in the

the life to come. *They be Heires of God, and joynt-heires with Christ.* But to the ungodly the Lord saith: *Know yee, that the unrighteous shall not inherite the Kingdome of God: Be not deceived, neither Fornicators nor Idolaters, nor Adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankinde, nor theeves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall* ever *inherite the Kingdome of God.* Rom. 8. 17.

Observ. 5. For our instruction: How miserable, deplorable, and desperate our condition is by nature: so lost, as that nothing in Heaven or Earth could recover us, but the power, strength, wisedome, goodnesse, and courage of such a Lyon as *the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah.* We are all borne dead (as you have heard) and should never have revived, if this Lyon had not roared over us. We are blinde by nature: *The naturall man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishnesse unto him, neither can hee know them*: He is ignorant of God and of Christ, and of the will of God concerning mans salvation: and in that ignorance must have perished everlastingly, if the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah* had not opened the Book, and unlooſed the Seales thereof. *No man* 1 Cor. 2. 14.

hath seen God at any time, the onely begotten Son, which is in the bosome of the Father, he hath declared him, Ioh. 1. 18. We were all by nature under the guilt of sin, under the wrath of God: we could never have been acquitted, we could never have been reconciled, but must have lain under Gods fierce anger for ever, if the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah had not stepped in between the party offended, and the party offending, and made peace: For Jesus Christ is our peace. And to effect this, the Lyon was forced to change his Kinde, and to become a Lambe: a true Paschall Lambe, and to be sacrificed for us. *I beheld*, saith Saint *Iohn*, verse 6. *and loe! in the midst of the Throne and of the foure Beasts, and in the midst of the Elders stood a Lambe as it had been slaine. Behold the Lambe of God, which taketh away the sin of the World*, Joh. 1. 29.

Eph. 2. 14, 15. 16. *For he is our peace, having abolished in his flesh the Enmity. And that he might reconcile both unto God, in one body by the Crosse, having slaine the Enemy thereby.*

1 Pet. 5 8. We were in the Jaw, and Paw of the roaring Lyon: who could have snatched us out of his Fangs? We had been the Bond-slaves of Satan for ever: wee had been Captives in the Prison, in the Dungeon

geon of Hell for ever; we had been utterly devoured, if *the Lyon of the Tribe of* Judah had not conquered the Lyon of the infernall Pit. But *when he saw that there was no man, and wondred that there was no Intercessor, therefore his arme brought Salvation unto him, and his Righteousnesse it sustained him.* O the depth of our miserie, in our naturall, in our lost condition!

Observ. 6. That from *Genesis* to the *Revelation*, the Church of God gives the same coat: *viz.* The Lyon: the Armes were given, *Gen.* 49. 9. And the same *Ensigne* is advanced here again in the Text more plainly. *The Iewes, and the Gentiles have all the same Christ.* One, and the same Lyon. Jesus Christ is the Lyon of the Tribe of *Iudah*: And he is the Lyon of the Gentiles also; Jewes, and Gentiles are all under one Prophet, Priest, King, and Captain. All that are saved, from the beginning of the World, to the end thereof, they obtaine Salvation by Iesus Christ. There was never any way of Salvation but one. The ancient Patriarches, and Prophets; the ancient Iewes were all Christians; when *Moses* was persecuted in *Ægypt*, he bore *the reproach of Christ*, *Heb.* 11. 26. When the Israelites sinned in the Wildernesse,

they tempted Christ, 1 *Cor.* 10. 9. The Prophets from the beginning preached Christ, and Salvation by the *Messiah* onely. *Christ began at Moses, and went through all the Prophets, and expounded unto them in all the Scriptures*: *viz.* Of the old Testament, *the things concerning himselfe*, *Luk.* 24. 27. All the Jewes beleived in the same Christ that wee do. *There is one*, and but one *faith*, *Eph.* 4. 4. And they were all saved by the same faith, in the same Christ; who was revealed by Oracles from Heaven, foretold, and propheſied by the Prophets, typified in the Sacrifices. Though Christ were not manifeſted in the fleſh, till the fulneſſe of time; though he was crucified in the laſt age of the World, yet the vertue of his death was effectuall, and available for the Salvation of all the Elect, from the beginning of the World, to the end thereof; *Jeſus Christ is the ſame yeſterday, and to day, and for ever*, Heb. 13. 8. *He is the Lambe ſlaine from the foundation of the World*, *Revel.* 13. 8. The old people, and the new people, they are all of one Houſe, and Family, and ſo have all one coat of Armes; The Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*. All this Saint *Peter* ſhortly concludeth in the Councell at *Jeruſalem*. *But we beleive, that*

that through the grace of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, we ſhall be ſaved even as our Fathers were. Act. 15. 11.

Obſerv. 7. The Lyon is a growing creature. Chriſt's Kingdome is a growing Kingdome. This is to be noted from *Gen.* 49.9. to which this Text relates. The Patriarch *Jacob* there uſeth three ſeverall words, to ſignifie three degrees of the Lyons growth. 1 גור Catulus *a Lyons Whelp.* 2. אריה Leo perfectus; a Lyon in full ſtrength, *he couched as a Lyon.* 3. לביא Leo Major, *as an old Lyon.* Thoſe ſeverall words do ſet forth the beginning, Progreſſe, and complement of Chriſts Kingdome. *Of the increaſe of his Government, and peace there ſhall be no end.* *Eſa.* 9. 7. The bounds of Chriſt's Kingdome ſeemed at firſt but ſmall. *In Judah was God known, his name was great in Iſrael: In Salem was his Tabernacle.* Pſal. 76. 1. *Salvation was of the Jewes only*: John 4. 22. They were a very ſmall people in compariſon of the reſt of the Nations of the World. But afterwards Chriſt comming in the fleſh, he brings light to the Gentiles. *And all the ends of the earth have ſeen the ſalvation of our God.* Pſal. 98. 3. *Chriſt is the ſtone which is cut out with out hands*: (which Luc. 2. 32

being

being at first but small) *became a great Mountaine, and filled the whole earth.* Dan. 2. 34. 35.

These Observations I have propounded to you for instruction, and information. Now I shall passe on to

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The second Use, of Reprehension, and that

1. OF all those that do not bow down, and prostrate before this *Lyon of the Tribe of Judah.* Such as receive not the Lord Jesus Christ to be their King; but reject him. That say, as those Ephraimites, *Hos.* 10. 3. *We have no King, because we feare not the Lord.* Or, as those malignant Citizens, that hated Christ, and sent him this message: We will not have this man to reign over us. *Luke* 19. 14. or in the Language of those Heathen Kings, and mutineers. *Psal.* 2. 2, 3. *That take Counsel together against the Lord, and against his Annoynted,* his Christ, saying, *Let us break their bonds in sunder, and cast away their cords from us.*

But are there any such? so desperatly rebellious? Let that be tryed. The de-

signe

signe of a reprehension is not to charge at all adventure, but to convince, There goeth more to make a subject of Christs Kingdome, then a naked, and formall profession. All men, and Women in the world are under Christs Kingdome of power, and that Whither they will or no. But the question is, art thou a subject of Jesus Christ in the Kingdome of grace? I will give you some signes of tryal, whereby you may prove that. Knowledge. All that are the Subjects of Jesus Christ, they know their King: As it shall be at Christs second comming against men: *Every eye shall see him. Revel.* 1.7. So is it in the Kingdome of grace, when Christ comes into men: every eye sees him. They know Christ their King: his Natures, Person, Offices, Laws, his graces, and excellencies. No ignorant person is Christ's subject. *God delivers those from the power of darkenesse.* 1. Of Ignorance, *whom he hath translated into the Kingdom of his dear Sonne.* Col. 1. 13. *Signe.* 1.

Go no further then this Character, and alas! how few Subjects hath Christ? how many are there that know nothing of Christ more then his bare name, *Jesus?* That they can sweare by: use it for a Charm, and bow to it; put of the Hat, and make

make a legge, ot a curt'ſy. But aske them any thing of his Perſon, Offices, Lawes, of his Incarnation, Paſſion, Reſurrection, Union with Chriſt, &c. and they have nothing to anſwer, but as *Nabal* did to *Davids* ſervants:--- Who is *David*, and who is the Son of *Jeſſe*? who is Chriſt? who is the Sonne of *David*, who is the Sonne of *Ieſſe*? They know him not.

1 Sam. 25. 10.

Signe 2. Loyalty: Fidelity, Syncerity: to give him the whole heart.

It ſtands in Renouncing all other power, Serving of him, and none elſe, Loving of him with all the heart, and truſting in him in *Kiſſing the Sonne*, Pſal. 2. 12.

But alas! what abundance of diſloyalty is there? how little true faith? It hath been formerly obſerved, that many were ſworne ſervants to the King of *England*, that yet underhand were Penſioners to the King of *Spaine*. So are there multitudes who took *Iuramentum fidelitatis*, the oath of Allegiance, and fidelity to Chriſt *the Lyon*, the King, in their Baptiſme: but they are Penſioners to the Devill: they ſerve him wholly, by ſinning, Lying, Swearing, Killing, Stealing, Sabbath-breaking, Adultery, &c. There are diſloyall wives, whoriſh women: who as they

all

they sit at table, will looke their Husbands in the face, and smile: and at the same instant tread upon the Toe of their Adulterous Lovers. So may the Lord, who is the Husband of the Church, complaine: as *Ezek.* 6. 9. *I am broken with their whorish heart, which hath departed from me; and with their eyes which go a whoring after their Idols.* They seem to fix their Eyes upon Christ: yet run after their Covetousnesse, and sinfull pleasures: contrary to the faith which they have plight with Christ, whom they call Husband.

Honour, and feare. *Honour the King.* 1 Pet. 2. 17. *My Sonne feare God, and the King.* Prov. 24. 21. Heer is the Character of a good subject, to honour, and fear his Prince. Signe 3.

Quest. *But whereby is this Honour, and feare manifested?*

Answ. By service, and obedience. *Serve the Lord with feare.* Psal. 2. 11. *They that dwell in the Wildernesse shall bow before him. All Nations shall serve him.* Psal. 72. 9. 10. According to this Rule, come to the tryall of your selves and alas how few are there that are true, and faithfull Subjects to the Lord and King Jesus Christ? how few bow to this Lyon?

Do

Do not the moſt ſay? if not in down right Language, yet in their practiſe, do they not ſpeak as *Pharaoh? Who is the Lord that* Exo. 5. 2. *I ſhould obey his voice? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Iſrael go.*

Eſa. 30. 8, 9. *May not the Lord write it before them in a Table, and note it a Book: that this is a rebellious people?* They many of them know the Lawes of their Prince, and yet tranſgreſſe againſt them, and walk contrary. Chriſt ſaith, thou ſhalt not be angry with Matth. 5. 22. thy Brother raſhly: but they will continue malicious, and revengefull. Chriſt Verſ. 28. ſaith, Thou ſhalt not look upon a Woman to luſt after her: but they have eyes, and Verſ. 34. hearts full of Adultery. Chriſt ſaith: ſweare not at all: but they upon every light occaſion, upon no occaſion, blaſpheme the name of God, and take it in vaine. Verſ. 44. Chriſt ſaith: Love your enemies, bleſſe them that curſe you, do good to them that hate you; but they continue full of malice, returning rebuke for rebuke, curſe for curſe, wrong for wrong, evil for evill. Chriſt ſaith, He that will be my Diſciple, Matth. 16. 24. let him *Deny himſelfe*: they make *ſelf* their God. Chriſt ſaith, Let my Diſciple take Matth. 27. up his Croſſe, and follow me: They ſay, 39, 40. as the raviling Paſſengers! if thou be the

So

Son of God, come down from the Crosse, free us from the Crosse, or we will not follow thee? Christ saith, *Learn of me to be meeke, and lowly*, but they are fierce, and proud. Christ commandeth *faith, and love*: These are the two great Gospell-Lawes; but the most of the Children of men are full of unbeliefe, and haters of the Brethren. O, what a little Kingdome is Christs Kingdome! 1 Joh. 3. 23.

Sign. 4. Faithfull payment of Tribute; as *Augustus Cæsar*, so the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*, Christ, the King of his Church, doth lay Taxes upon all his Subjects. And it is the Character of a right Subject, *to render Tribute, to whom Tribute is due, and to give to Cæsar, the things which are Cæsars.* And according to this rule, how small is Christs Kingdome in comparison? There is a Tribute of our time due to him; every seventh day is his: but alas! How many prophane persons give away that day to the Devill? Yea (which is more sad) how many are there in these daies, that mask under the name, and shape of Saints, that deny this Tribute altogether, and maintain it, that there is no such day due to Christ at all now under the Gospell: The morality of the Sabbath Luk. 2. 1. Rom. 13. 7.

is

is gone, every day is a Sabbath, no day is a Sabbath. This is the Doctrine of Devils, and Rebels against Jesus Christ. There is a tribute to go out of our time every day we live. There is a certain Kingdome (I remember not the name of it at present) in which there is sometimes (but rarely) a Fish taken; which by reason of the greatnesse, and excellency, and rarity, is the Kings Right, and Royalty, and therefore called *the Kings Fish*. The King alwaies gives the bulck and body of this Fish to those that catch it; but he reserves to himselfe *Capita, & Caudas*, the heads, and the tailes, as a tribute, and acknowledgment, that all was his, & due to him. In like manner, precious time, it is all Christs own, all due to him: yet he gives his Subjects the body of time; the body of the week, the body of the day: he reserves to himselfe onely *capita, & caudas*, the ends of time, the Morning, and the Evening, and what other convenient time may be redeemed, these are his tribute: But how few pay this Little faithfully? How few who give to Jesus Christ a Morning Sacrifice? How few with *Isaac*, go out to meditate in the Evening? How rare is it to finde a man, that with *David*, will pray

and cry aloud, Evening, and Morning, and at Noon. Psal. 55. 17.

There is a Tribute due to Christ our King, out of our Estates; and here the poore Members of Jesus Christ are his Receivers. *Withhold not good from them to whom it is due.* The poore are (in a sense) owners of some thing in our hands, we are but stewards under Christ, to distribute to them. I perswade my selfe, this kind of tribute, I mean *Almes*, is as unjustly, and brokenly paid in this City, and in this whole Nation, as it is in any part of the Christian World: and this, I feare, Christs Collectors, and Receivers will witnesse against this hard-hearted Generation. Prov. 3. 27.

There are extraordinary Taxes, upon extraordinary occasions; you are pretty well acquainted with them. Such there are in the Kingdome of Christ; in times of trouble, and persecution, Christ calls for thy Goods, Liberty, Life, for thy deareſt blood. Tell me, art thou willing to part with these, when Christ requires them? *Sign.* 5.

A good Subject will fight for his King: *If my Kingdome were of this World*, sayes Christ, *then would my Servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jewes, Joh.* 18. 36. But alas! alas! how few Champions

Dan. 3. 29. hath the Lord Jesus Christ? *Nebuchadnezzar made a Degree, that every People, Nation and Language, which speake any thing amisse, against the God of* Shadrach, Meshach, *and* Abednego, *shall bee cut in peices, and their houses be made a dunghil.* But now Hereticks that speak amisse of God, and of Christ, and of the Scriptures; and most horrid Blasphemers do swarm; and are, I had almost said, tolerated, and cherished. Who fights against them? Who

Jude, 2. opposeth them? Who contends for the faith, for the truth, and for the honour of

Sign. 6. Jesus Christ? To endeavour the increase, and honour of his Kingdome. *In the multitude of people is the Kings Honour, Prov.* 14. 28. He that is a right and faithfull Subject, will endeavour with all his might to bring in Subjects to the Kingdome of Jesus Christ. I will put you upon examination now. Let Magistrates ask their owne hearts, whether they in their places by executing Judgment, do seek to lessen Satans Kingdome, and to enlarge the Kingdome of Christ. Let Ministers aske their owne hearts, whether they in their places, by preaching, and practise, by life, and Doctrine, do endeavour to lessen Satans Kingdome, and advance the Kingdome

dome of Jesus Christ. Let Parents, and Masters aske their owne hearts, whether they in their places do endeavour by private instructing of their Families, to bring their Children, and Servants, and all committed to their charge, out of the Devils Kingdome, into the Kingdome of Jesus Christ. And let all that are before me this day, aske their owne hearts, whether they do (out of a zealous desire of the increase, and honour of Christs Kingdome) incessantly pray, that all those that are held in captivity under Satan, under chaines of darkenesse; that the Lord would translate them out of the Kingdome of darkenesse, Col. 1.13. into the Kingdome of his deare Son. Do they daily pray, *thy Kingdome Come?*

7. For a ful-do. And not so much a new signe, as the sum of all before: Is sin? Is Satan cast out? Hath Jesus Christ his Throne in thy heart? Doth he rule in thee altogether? art acted, not by Satan, not by the World, not by the Flesh, but by the Spirit of Iesus Christ; then thou art his Subject.

But they that are not ruled, and governed by Christ, by his word, and Spirit, they reject Christ, and say, we will not have this Lyon, this King to Reigne over

Rom. 6. 12. us. Theſe are under another King; S reignes in them, *and they have a King ov them indeed*; it is *the Angell of the b tomleſſe Pit, whoſe name is Abaddon, a Apollyon, Revel.* 9. 11. The Devill is th King, and they are his Vaſſals. Theſe l under the wrath of God: And how dre full that is, *Solomon* will tell you; *T Kings wrath is as the roaring of a Lyon, b his favour is as the dew upon the graſſ Prov.* 19. 12. And do they ſay? we w not have this King to reigne over us; the ſhall be ſubject at the long-run; if th will not bend in time, they ſhall be bro ken; if they will not come into the King dome of grace, they ſhall be ſubdued b Rom. 14. 11. the Kingdome of his power. *I have ſwo by my ſelfe, ſaith the Lord; the word gone out of my mouth in righteouſneſſe, a ſhall not return, that to me every Knee ſha bow, Iſa.* 45. 23. They that here will no kiſſe his golden Scepter, ſhall at the la and dreadfull day, be daſhed in peices wi his iron Rod. Then ſhall he ſay to his mig ty Angels: *Thoſe mine Enemies that wo not that I ſhould Raigne over them, bring h ther, and ſlay them before me, Luk.* 19. 2 Thoſe that in time will not proſtrate t *this Lyon of the Tribe of Judah*, he will

to them at last, a fierce, and furious Lyon; and will rent, and teare them to peices, when there is none to help.

Reprehens. 2. Is Jesus Christ *the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah?* This checks not onely the arrogance and boldnesse, but also the madnesse and folly of all such as provoke this Lyon, and rise up against him. There are such, *fighters against God, who oppose themselves, and exalt themselves above all that is called God.* This is Antichrist. And as Saint *John* speaks in his first Epistle, *Chap.* 2. 18. *Even now there are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time.* Not onely *that Antichrist*, the great Whore of *Babylon*, sitting upon seven Mountaines, with a Golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthinesse, and drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus. But all Hereticks and Blasphemers that rise up against this Lyon, *Viz.* Such as rise up against the very person of Christ, some against his Divinity, others against his Humanity, and many against whole Christ: Such as rise up against the Scriptures of God, crying them downe for a meer humane invention; such as rise up and fight against the truth of Christ, the

Act. 5. 39. 2 Thes. 2. 4. Revel. 17.

Gospel of Christ, all the Ordinances of Christ, the Government of Christ. Their my Beloved! Christs Gospel, Truth, and Government, are his Scepter: *The rod of his strength, which hee sends out of Zyon.* Psal. 110. 2. *These are the sharp two-edged Sword which cometh out of the mouth of Christ*, Revel. 1. 16. whereby he conquers and rules in the midst of his enemies: And all such as oppose the truth, Ordinances, and Government of Jesus Christ, they set up their power against the power of Christ; they draw out their Sword against Christs Sword. Against these the Lyon of the tribe of *Judah* will roare, yea he will tear them in peices.

But especially he will be feirce and terrible against them that hurt, and kill his Whelps. But who are the Whelps of this Lyon? The old Patriarch *Jacob* shall tell you: *Judah is the Lyons Whelp*, *Gen.* 49. 9. *Judah*: that is, the Church and people of God: *The anointed of the Lord, his Prophets, and his Saints*, *Psal.* 105. 14, 15. And here I may turne my reprehension into lamentation: *Oh God! the Heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy holy Temple have they defiled, they have layd Jerusalem on heaps. The blood of thy Saints have they shed like water round about Jerusalem.* Psal. 79. 1. Vers. 3.

are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn & derision to them that are round about us. The Lord hath sent Prophets, & wise men, and Scribes, and some of them have they killed, and crucified, and some of them have they scourged, and persecuted from City to City. Matth. 23. 34.

I saw the soules of them that were beheaded for the witnesse of Jesus, and for the word of God: and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his Image, neither had received his marke upon their foreheads, or in their hands. Revel. 20. 4.

But it may be sayd, as the King answered *Ester, Who is he? and where is hee that durst presume in his heart to do so? And Ester sayd, The Adversary and Enemy is this wicked Human.* Hee was a great Favorite, politick, and potent; and hee presumed upon his owne greatnesse. So may I say, the Adversaries and Enemies that have done these things, are a wicked Generation; but how dare they doe these things? How dare they not? They are great in power, and riches, and strength, able to crush all that stand in their way; they are politick and crafty, who can over-reach them? they stand strong, and who can bring them downe? *They have sayd, Wee will prevaile, who is Lord over us?* Hester. 7. 5. *Vers.* 6. Psal. 12. 4.

But can they prevaile against the Lyon of the tribe of *Judah*, whose Whelps they have injured and killed? Let me tell these deceitfull and bloody men, two or three things.

1. That there is no creature more tender of their young ones, then the Lyon: the Lyon will defend his Whelps from injury till he fall downe dead; I have read so much in approved Authors.

2. Let me tell them, they are indeed Lyons themselves, base savage Lyons of the Forest. *Davids* cruell Persecutors were *gaping, ravening, and roaring Lyons.* *Nero was a Lyon*, and such are all Tyrants. But the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah* is stronger then they: *Hee is the strongest among Lyons: and a King against whom there is no rising up*, Prov. 30. 30, 31. He is a foole *that will contend with one that is mightier then himselfe*, Eccles. 6. 10.

Psal. 22. 13. 2 Tim. 4. 17.

3. Let me tell them yet further; the Lyon may seem to sleepe a while, even whilest his Whelps suffer; but hee will rouse up and roare. Some write, that the Lyon never sleeps, but often seemes to sleep when he is most awake. I am sure *the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah doth neither slumber nor sleep*: Hee may seem to sleep, but

Psal. 121. 4.

but *hee will awake as one out of sleep, and like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of Wine: And he will smite his Enemies in the hinder parts; he will put them to a perpetuall reproach, Psal. 78. 65, 66*

4. And lastly, let me tell them a Story which I have read in a learned and approved Author, which he relates, and affirms to be true: his end is to prove, as the strength, so the wisedome of the Lyon, above other creatures. *Gesner de Quadruped.*

A Lyon and a Lyoness, having Whelps, went both out to hunt for prey: In their absence a Beare entred their Den, tore and killed the young Lyons, not able to defend themselves; soon after the old Lyon, with the Lyoness, returned to their Den, and finding their young ones slaine, they were filled with bitter grief and great rage: out they go together to finde out the Enemy, and be revenged; they quickly espyed the Beare, yet bloody, and pursued it: The Bear, to escape their fury, climbed up into a tree, and so got out of their reach for the present: The Lyoness stood still at the root of the tree: the other Lyon went away, and ranged up, and downe in the Mountaines; till at last, he came where a man was hewing of wood.

He

He makes to the man; the poore man in feare let fall his Hatchet, and began to run away; after haſtens the Lyon, gets to him, caſts his tayle round about him like a Girdle, embraced him and licked him; and by the ſtrength of his tayle pulled him (led him, ſayes my Author) whither hee would or no: Firſt he brought him to his Hatchet, and pointed to it with his foot, to have the man take it up: he underſtood not the Lyons language: the Lyon then took up the Hatchet in his owne mouth, and ſo carryed it, leading the man into his Den. There he layd downe the Hatchet a while, looked upon the man, and then looked upon his murdered Whelps, made piteous moane, and then wound his tayle about the man againe, tooke up the Hatchet in his mouth, and (having ſhewed him that dolefull ſight) led him directly to the tree where the Bear was on the top, and the Lyoneſſe ſtanding at the root. The Lyon looks up, ſhewed him the Bear; and then the man began to ſuſpect, that it was the Beare that had done the wrong to the Lyon: He takes his Axe, heweth the tree, downe falls the Beare, and the Lyon and his mate fall upon him, and teare him to peices: that done, the Lyon carryed the man,

man, with the Hatchet, just to the place where he found him, and there left him unhurt, to hew wood againe.

This is credibly related: I will not warrant the Story to be Gospel, but I will warrant the application to be no lesse. Tyrants and Persecutors, that murder the *Whelps of the Lyon of the tribe of Judah*, that massacre the Saints of Christ, are usually called Bears in holy Writ: Dan. 7.5.

For their security and safety they climbe up their tree; and their towre is the arme of flesh: their greatnesse, their multitudes, their amunitions, their military skill, their riches, their freinds *The rich mans wealth is his strong City, and as a high wall in his owne conceite, Prov* 18. 11. They think in their ruffe and gallantry, that none can pluck them down; they vaunt, who shall us controule! How soon can the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah* fetch Hewers out of the Mountaines, and hew down their Tree wherein they trusted, and teare them in peices, when there shall be none to help? Jesus Christ can soon call in *Carpenters*, to cut and saw of the hornes *which have scattered Judah, Israell, and Jerusalem.* Zech. 1. 20. *Vers.* 19. And he will certainly do it. I will passe their doom (yet not I, but the Lord) and so

ſo leave them. *Therefore the Lord will bee unto them as a Lyon, as a Leopard by the way he will obſerve them: He will meet them as a Beare that is bereaved of her Whelps, and will rent the Caule of their heart, and there will he devoure them like a Lyon, the wild Beaſt ſhall teare them.* Hoſ. 13. 7. 8.

Uſe. 3. From hence I ſhall ſlip to the third Uſe: *viz.*

Exhortation; And here I ſound the Trumpet again: Behold!

Chriſto

Christo Duce

Sequimini

Behold! the Lyon of the Tribe of *Judah*! The Lyon couchant was the Enſigne of *Judahs* Tribe, and Family. And the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, *the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah*, is the Enſigne of his Church. *And in that day, there ſhal be a root of Jeſſe, which ſhall ſtand for an Enſigne of the people: to it ſhall the Gentiles ſeeke, Iſa.* 11. 10. *Behold this Child*, the Child Jeſus, is ſet εἰς σημεῖον *for a Signe, or Banner, for many in Iſrael*, for the Church.

Then follow, follow your Captain, your Enſigne. Eye him by knowledge, by faith walk after him: tread in his ſteps, imitate him. Chriſt is now lift up, here he ſtands as *Gideon*, and ſaith to you all, *Looke upon me, and do likewiſe*: Or as *Abimelech*, *What you have ſeen me do, make haſt, and do as I have done.*

Judic 7. 17.

Judic. 9. 48.

And here I muſt crave liberty to branch out my Exhortation: and that I may, as a faithfull Steward, divide to every one in Gods houſe their part, and portion; I ſhall direct my Exhortation

1. To the New-elect, and the other Magiſtrates.

2. To the Miniſters of the Goſpell.

3. And laſtly, to all promiſcuouſly.

My

My firſt addreſſe is to the *New-elect*; whoſe Inauguration we celebrate, and who this day enters upon the chief place of Magiſtracy in this City; and alſo to the reſt of the Magiſtrates preſent, whether of the City or Country, that in his charge they may heare theirs. 1.

Worthy *Prætor*, you are aſcending this day to the higheſt place of Government in this place, where God hath laid out the bounds of your Habitation. *Behold the Lyon of the Tribe of Judah*: Behold your King, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and follow him, ſtep after ſtep: Be you a Lyon alſo. *Judah* the Prince, and Governour was a Lyon. *Judas Macchabeus*, that Worthy, *hee, in all his acts, was like a Lyon, and like a Lyons whelp roaring for his Prey.* The Roman Emperours, and Biſhops, were called *Leones*, Lyons. Many Kings, and Common-Wealths have *the Lyon* for their Armes. This was ſymbolized by the ſteps of *Solomons* Throne: *The King made a great Throne of Ivory, and over-laid it with pure Gold: And there were ſix ſteps to the Throne, and ſtaies on each ſide of the ſitting place, and two Lyons ſtanding by the ſtaies; and twelve Lyons ſtood there, on the one ſide, and on the other, upon the ſix ſteps.* And e-

1 Mac. 3. 4.

2 Chron. 9. 17. 18. 19.

ven

even you also give for you City Armes a *Lyon, with your Castle.*

Matth. 8. 34.

Sir *Thomas Ouerbury*

HIS WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS OF NEW CHARACTERS, and many other

Wittie Conceits, neuer before Printed.

The twelfth Impression.

LONDON,
[illegible] by I. I. for *Robert Stanyes*, and [illegible] be sold at the [illegible] of the [illegible] in [illegible] 1627.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by Sir *Thomas Ouerburie*) is ſufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as Churliſh Retainer to the *Muſes*: if from direct plaine-dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a

Poem beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conseruations of wit by Printing, they would haue committed it to brasse, lest iniurious time depriue it of due eternity. If to conuerse with a creature so amiable as is here deseribed, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this twelfth impression) many new *Characters* and *witty Conceits*, written by himselfe and others his friends. Howsoeuer, they are now exposed not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui ——Mar.

Lau. Li

Elegies of ſeuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie poyſoned* in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie.*

TWould eaſe our ſorrowes, t'would releaſe our teares.
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull ſtraine
In ſympathie of what we Mortalls plaine.
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinkes, like men inclinde to ſleepe,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peep,
Or at leaſt view vs but with halfe an eie,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might diſcry*
Some murdering hand, loaded in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile iuices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his beames to endleſſe Night,
And in dull darkneſſe canopie his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breſts,
Where euery baſe vnhallowed Proiect reſts,

Is'belcht, as in defiance of his ſhine,
A ſtreame, might make euen Death it ſelfe to pine.
But theſe things happen ſtill, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more luſtre did theſe lamps appeare;
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of ſorrow feele,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not miſtake thoſe pow'rs aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriouſly thoſe Courts of Ioue.
Surely, they ioy to ſee theſe Acts reueald,
Which in blinde ſilence haue beene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'ſt we mourne
To thinke that ere ſhe was foule Vices ſcorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blood was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice and darke ſhade.
Weſton *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endleſſe ſleepe conuay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeeke no glorie
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtorie.
If any more were priuie to the Deed,
And for the crime muſt be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with reau'd vp hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their ſoules may riſe.
And as thoſe equally turne to one duſt,
So theſe alike may ſhine among the iuſt.
And there make vp one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffered here in ſuch a differing faſhion.

D.I.

To the Memorie of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and Destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinkes, t'obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might casuall seeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is man, t'expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of strange Euents?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the starres conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad Accident:
Good men must fall rapes, incests, murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from deu'lish lust within.

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy ſoule in Heauens all-glorious ſphere,
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy blood and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathleſſe: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like Whirle-winde! how it ſhakes the (root
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamie doth moue their ſailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall ſtill keepe Wing, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of their mur der'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honour in his ſuffetance; and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſlaine
To die his honours Web in pureſt Graine.

C.B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious *Poem* Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* Knight, poyſoned in the *Tower.*

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *darkneſſe* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Nu brought to light? O tardie *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* laies him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth* and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt Secure *Act*,
And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*,
The *Signes* at randome through the *Zodiacke* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib quicke *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lokes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Doe hoarie winter froſts make Forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repaire,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumnes, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere ſuſtaine
Her burdened powers: *O being ſtill the ſame,*
Ruling ſo much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vaſt world weigh'd, all his *Orbes* doth guide,
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide?
Or if: why ſeem'ſt thou ſleeping to the *Good,*
And *guardieg* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of beſt things ſtill muſt Chance take in command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniouſly diſburſe,
Which ſo let fall, ne're fall but to the *worſe?*
Whence *ſo great crimes* commit the *Greater* ſort,
And boldeſt acts of ſhame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worſhip in their *riſe* of *State*
Thoſe filthy *Scarabs,* whom they *Serue,* and *Hate,*
Sure things meete *backward, there*; *Honour* diſgraſt,
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud,* and *Poyſon* waſte:
The *Adult'rer vp like Haman,* and ſo *Sainted*:
And *Females modeſty* (as *Females*) painted,
Loſt in all reall worth: what ſhall we ſay?
Things ſo farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all miſſe-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God,*
Right all amiſſe, and ſet the wonted period
Of *Goodneſſe,* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vſher* to bring forth the *Maske,* and *Weed,*

When

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This* make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument
As *Weſton* a *poore ſeruingman* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadorſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſurd in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe
A *chaſt*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Luſt made vntrue.

W.S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not beene assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow the
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Sometime, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſter now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon that workes vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſeruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper ſhine*
With no one cloud, ſhall blinde a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſome while, but being found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy ſoule fled,
And onely *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B.G. *medij Temp.*

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſſimi Equitis aurati THO: OVERBVRI magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOw euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertuer tombe, which all thine honour ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath, ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of pretious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of vertue
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

(fram

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicity with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the sence of griefe
So Ouerbury'd in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! times vnbred
Will say, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace.
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case;
Which shall not more cõmend his truth, then prou
Their guilt, who were his oppesites in loue.

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hands imbrew'd in blood,
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleepe in thy Peace: thus happy haſt thou prou'd,
Thou might'ſt haue dy'de more knowne, not more
Io. Fo. belou'd.

Vpon Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious *Poem.*

H*Eſperydes* (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy loſſe deplore,
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow,
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhadow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered.
But what befell, O too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.
R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife and Marriage.*

VVHen I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinkes I ſee
An vncloath'd Soule, by potent Alcymie
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maid.
Eua'hs ſtate, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarſe wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine
A Soule ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe contract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And to enioy her fayres without comptroule,
Cas't off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all doe,
Caſt Matter off, who would abſtractions wooe.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou done:
For, in this life, ſuch beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To puniſh thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enui'de choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts poynt their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleaſd to ſee a Loue produc'd
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie
So pure and chaſte a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, their proiect flies in ſmoke, (choke
The poyſon's cordiall, which they meant ſhould
Their deeds of darkneſſe, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires had not beene wonne.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happy Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaued is, of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend.

F. H.

On this excellent Poem *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Deſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as Darke doth
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life: (Light,
The Good, with Wiſedome and Diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and Paſſion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R.C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
That peece of Vertue that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginals to point vs to our ill:
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learne to wooe,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees, if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how.
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

That man was ſeal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in fleſh and blood
Some may auerre and ſtrongly, twas meere meant
In way of practiſe, but not preſident;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this myſterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himſelfe a partner for his life
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I.F.

Eiuſdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the firſt fraile woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
And finde the curſe of labour; ſo againe,
Goodneſſe and vnderſtanding found a man
To take this ſhame away; and from him ſprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Becauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a Woman and a Wife.
And this is ſhe, if euer Woman ſhall
Doe good hereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall.

I.F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem, the Wife.

WEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I thinke, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd to woe her,
Setled affections follow not the Eye;
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; beiou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they thinke doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud,
But triall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all Wiues ſuch, This Age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D.T.

On the Wife.

WEll haſt thou ſaid, that women ſhould be ſuch
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be married too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widow be my Wife.

X.Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd the leaſt abuſe,
Bnt with the wiſeſt knew it fitter ſo:
Since, ſalne a widow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifiz'd her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle-men.
Which, to th'adultrous reſt, that dare beginne
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthie ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſ-eſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vſde grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeeme more
Ionely wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood. (good,

G.R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which doe your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe only of an Honour'd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each tongue beſt tels his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldome ſeene, that blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Merchants I would chooſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a Horſe to loſe a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhee be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter,
That it leaues vnſtudied no man:
I would haue my Miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall, to anſwer No.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Euery night's another mayde.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinks a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this mam, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen-like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury, and his* Poem.

T'Is dangerous to be *good*: well we may praiſe
Honeſtie, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A power, that ſhall ſecur't, 'gainſt wrongs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome*?
Iniurious hands, which 'cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore ſpoyle the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen*, her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Haleluiahs*: heauen may boaſt
Thaue got that Angell there, which we haue *loſt*:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe than a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmanent* of holy *fires* which we
Enioyed, whilſt thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *aſhes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometime, the *Sun* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lampe*, of vertue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguiſhed*, in thee;
Yet, to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt, behind thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife*:

Who

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband di'de)
Beene wooed by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widow, she
Hauing lost her first mate, Scornes *bigamie*.

P.B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memorie of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First let Religion, in her heart haue place,
As th'ground & fountaine whence all vertues spring
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t'escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chastitie
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystall cleare
Wherein life moues affections, led *thereby*.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left Gods mercies ſhining bright
Diſtributing to each neceſſitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the ſame
Vnto the blinde their ſight let her reſtore;
Strength'ning the weake, and raiſing vp the lame,
Vnder her feete the Deuill and darkneſſe ſet,
Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behinde her lye,
Baſe ſelfe-loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-luſt, and *Enuie* from her preſence flie,
And on her *Breſt*, in golden letters write
Heauens beſt belou'd, earths chiefeſt delight.

He that (in's Choyce) would meet with ſuch a Wife,
Muſt vow virginitie and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
A Bad one gaue me Death, a Good one Life.

An *Elegie* vpon the Death *of* Sir *Thomas Ouerbury Knight* poyſoned in the Tower.

HAdſt thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth
Sickned and dyde, beene ſtrecht-out, and laid forth
After thy farewell Sermon taken earth
And left no deed to praiſe thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerburie *by a paſſe of theirs,*
Thou might'ſt haue tyded hence in two houres teares,
Then had we worne thy ſprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Roſemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy ſake,
And thou hadſt ſunke in thine owne wine and cake;
But ſince it was ſo ordred and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou ſhouldſt be poyſon'd. Death hath done thee grace,
Rancke thee aboue the region of thy place.
For none heares poyſon nam'd, but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Stateſman ſo did die?
In this thou haſt out-dyde an Elegie
Which were too narrow for poſteritie,
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeeme to kill,
Working afreſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Na

Nor needst thou trust a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iustice and of Fame;
Whilst sinne (detesting her owne conscience) strines
To pay the vse and interest of liues.
Enough of ryme, and might it please the law,
Enough of blood; for naming liues I saw,
He that writes more of thee must write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

THough dumbe, deafe, dead, I crie, I heare, I kill,
Thus growne a Politician gainst my will.

F. M.

An *Elegie* on the late *Lord William Haward* Baron of Effingham, dead *the tenth of December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor doe I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Pennance warns, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from mine owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walke, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd
What Tryals in their Iourneyes they endur'd,
What certainties of Honour and of worth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought forth,
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my Patron, dy'd he rich, or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flattery and Enuy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance?

What

What did he? acts of mercy; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine?
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband of one Wife, and ſhe is owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous. And that done not feare
What Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall,
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no Widow nor an Orphan on?
Did he loue ſimply vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But aboue all did his religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate?
He that is guilty of no *Quære* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publike fate
For one to liue well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes haue paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And haue no vſe of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tide,
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to encreaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe (crew
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew.
It were too ſad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath diſordred all miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.

And

And thus hath conquering Death, or Nature rather
Made the prepoſterous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe. He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lyes the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well payd when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot finde the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten waies
To Women vſed, which are loue or praiſe:
As for the firſt, the little wit I haue
Is not yet growne ſo neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
When each is but a great blot at the beſt;
Such as doe backes of bookes and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were well reſolu'd to end their dayes,
With a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
Who are ſo mortified that they can liue
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgiue.
Write loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in euery company.
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
Was hot in loue with *Qu. Elizabeth*,
And for the laſt in all my idle daies,
I neuer yet did liuing woman praiſe
In proſe or verſe: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke ſome woman out, as full of ſinne
As you as are full of vertue, with a ſoule
As blacke, as yours is white. A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it ſhall be,
Out of the rules of Phiſiognomie:
So farre that I doe feare I muſt diſplace
The Art a little to let in her face:
It ſhall at leaſt foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhow,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Coniurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vild,
As euery word you ſpeake is ſweet and mild.
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.

She ſhall haue ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes vpon ſuch,
Tis Charitie and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſtie ſoule;
Where, if I ſing your praiſes in my Rime,
I loſe my Inke, my Paper, and my Time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before.
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſweare
Madam I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues knowne,
Pardon me Madam, I ſhould thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubiect yet findes none.
But if your braue thoughts, which I much reſpect
Aboue your glorious Titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſorder'd Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet farre from all baſe praiſe and flatterie,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flattry ſhow
If I write truth, and make my ſubiect you.

An Elegie on the Death *of the* LADY *Rutland.*

I May forget to eat, to drinke, to ſleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Enuy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe.
May my dull vnderſtanding haue the might
Onely to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sidney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue profeſſe not Poetrie:
The Statesmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three dayes ſince ſhe did feele Deaths hand
And yet this Iſle not cald the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeake which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me,
I know it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan
Since the Almightie left to ſtriue with man;
Mankinde is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſineſſe which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmaticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women: marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were againe to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boot
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had onely tride the ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to haue caſt an eye
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow layd vp againſt thou com'ſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What t'was to venture him to ſaue a Land;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs tooke
Thee, a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, weel'e ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the worth
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee.
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you all
That doe your ſelues the helpes of Nature call
Phyſitians? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as none in health would heare:
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your pouertie.

You'r many of you Impoſtors, and doe giue
To ſicke men potions that your ſelues may liue.
He that hath ſurfeited, and cannot eate,
Muſt haue a med'cine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my vnderſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreete
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to die?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colledges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not thee good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you vnderſtood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her Arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But onely Whores and Theeues to practiſe on.
And euery paſſage about them I am ſure
You vnderſtood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both———
Are noted for enioying ſo long liues.

But noble blood treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you had ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſeru'd her from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I wilt not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould haue,
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.

The Method.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choyce, First, his opinion negatiuely, what should not bee: the First causes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what should be, of which kinde there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, *and as a second thing,* Beauty. *The first onely is absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first do likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by loue to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the onely condition of a Wife,* Fitneſſe.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the *world of Women be.*

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vſe of themſelues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their Face, the *Faire* no pleaſure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure finde:
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfect* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other ſtraict,
Both barren are; *ioyn'd*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man, a *She-Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Ma

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* ſhe from *Man*:
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Marriage their obiect is: their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whoſe ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* ſo,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chaſtitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* go.
Which make *two*, *one*; while here they liuing be,
And after death in their *poſteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *deſires* might ſtint,
That he a *comfort like himſelfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vſe*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part of time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but onely dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
Thie inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſt* of it is onely in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Womankinde*;
One is *Lones number*: who from that doth fall
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate

Late *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Vow to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*,
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*:
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon:
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules Interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt*, *and Duſt*, *lifes middle-way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But onely that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd the Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meet, to ſatisfie,

All

A WIFE.

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at *firſt view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhe plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentrie is but a *relique* of time paſt,
And *Loue* doth only but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, then *words*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aime it make;
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *Good parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frõ *themſelues* hath ioyn'd.

Rather then theſe the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon! not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keeps the *other* ſweet:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfeit:
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue, but alſo *me*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
As ſhe is *more* a *Maid* that *raviſht* is,
Then She which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood;
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Mortality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſin*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conſcience*.

Then may I *Truſt her Body* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon ſecure, need neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie.
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our loue*:
This miſerie doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicions may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*:
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *leſt*.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts is best descryde afarre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart:
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie,
They are most firmely good, that best know why.

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.

Domesticke

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sex* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leyſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leyſure* 'tis, corrupteth *Woman-kinde*:
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcrete*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*.
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likely hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd, *Luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtitie* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *deny*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as She moſt Women elſe containe.

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eies ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy*, *Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the obiect is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's to gaine;
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*: *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beauty* met;
But *Modeſtie*, no vertue can we ſee;
That is, the Faces onely *Chaſtitie*.

Where

Where *goodneſſ* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſire's more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make:
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue reſpect,
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

As *Good* and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhe
As Me, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my dayes meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this duſt doth here in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come againe.

Characters.

OR

Wittie deſcriptions of the pro-
perties of ſundry perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetnes of diſpoſition which meets his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meets iron eaſier then iron, and turnes

resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonestie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder stops it out, and saues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to be seene, for it hath no gilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to loue it, and if she haue it not at home, shee will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her *Sex*, though she vse it neuer the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for she findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of

her

her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of deſcription, for ſhe is direct, and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now ſhee is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhee doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhee doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She* is *He*.

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſtie*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. She ſimpers as if ſhe had no teeth, but lips: and ſhee diuides her eyes, and keeps halfe for

her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth.* Being ſet downe, ſhe caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale,& is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. She is *Marriageable* and *Foureteene* at once; and after ſhe doth not liue, but tarrie. She reades ouer her face euery morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinkes ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the Knight of the Sunne for lying. She is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers.* If ſhe ſhew more, ſhe preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift.* She may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhee may

may goe for a maide, but ſhe hath beene lyen with, in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophie*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that be too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill too bigge for it; yet her *Vanity* ſeldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then ſhee will beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if ſhe marry better, ſhe marries worſe. She gets much by the ſimplicitie of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughes at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a husband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may ſee it, in a Seruingmans freſh *Napery*, and his Leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I neede not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhe loue, ſhee loues not the Man, but the beaſt of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking conſumption: euery candle ſhe giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe

commendation is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwimme at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Countrey comes in cleane Linnen to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Sonne is like her howſoeuer, & that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe & faſhion, and

and are silent; if she be more deuout, she lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. Shee sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her most necessary instruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; shee weares her Gentlewoman still, but most often leaues the other in her Chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and shee smels the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest enuie, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her most commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Veluet. This she doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Dissembler.

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare he is harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: hee dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present dispositon. He winnes not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. Hee knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier.

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to be found onely about Princes. He ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging. Hee

is

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee moues by the vpper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you finde him not here, you shall in *Pauls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Deuill; he is followed like a salt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is as blinde as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he lookes who lookes: if hee findes not good store of vailers,

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill he bee new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eats he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beautie, and more then his beauty, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS the ſhadow of a Foole. He is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or weare a wrie necke. Hee diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is ready for all imploiments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-bookes. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed,

glewed, and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; & dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike aſſemblie without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then hee vnderſtands, and aduentures his words without the reſcue of any ſeconds. He relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeniſhly beguiled a ballad

lad of them. In a word, to make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelfe vnderſtand himſelfe, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt.

IS a noune Adiectiue of the preſent tenſe. He hath no more of a conſcience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants ſeruant. Is firſt his owne Slaue, and then whoſoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curſeth, and when he ſels he worſhips. He reades the ſtatutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the ſtreets: hee neuer praiſeth any, but before themſelues or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Allhallomas*, and the ſute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaſeth the children of

great

great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his curtesie extends it selfe euen to the stable. He straines to talke wisely, and his modestie would serue a Bride. He is grauity from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amorist

IS a certaine blasted or planet-stroken, and is the Dog that leads blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske comfets; and sighes to the hazard of his buttons;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuerie of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe was nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbuttoned, and vngirtered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſwers not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather;

he

he is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the traytor to his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Traueller

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, & hath ſeene more then hee hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, & his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake rather than confeſſe *bene* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. He chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, empawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall daies he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents & plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tel them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offereth courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe, humble. He diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He im-

puteth

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthinesse: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soule are gouerned by fame, he loues most voices aboue truth.

A Wiseman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, so goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall smoothnesse: so commeth it, that his consideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends; and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flies He chuseth not friends by the subsidie-booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his mind by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his compassions intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the minde, except those drowned in the body: but he hath diuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weaknes he assists no otherwise than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble

A Noble Spirit

HAth ſurueied and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. Hee circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne

imbecillitie, to ſh w or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weakneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtinie. Truth is his Goddeſſe, and hee takes paines to g t her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the w rld, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries hi deſires, and not his deſires him; and ſticks not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine and praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſtie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or ſcum. Vnto the ſocietie of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe clearneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he

is

is more particular, hee is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakneſſe of his bodie: thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters and helpe him out of priſon.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſel them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetſhod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of Peace is produced. He ſpeakes ſtatutes and huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe man; he is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath elequence enough to ſaue two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldome farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges; hee rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Subpoena* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, hee ſticks faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cutpurſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter in a ſlight taffetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, & the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore Countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

Characters.

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Oratours*: by theſe alſo he proues his induſtry: for hee hath purchaſed legs, haire, beautie, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeakes *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but hee buyes it at Court, as Countrey men their clothes in Birchin-lane. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighes ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably:

tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together ; his hopes are laden in his qualitie : and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, hee weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt he ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender often yeeres, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold, by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowne by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder

Characters.

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. He lookes like his Land, as heauily and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minority. The firſt thing he makes kowne is his eſtate; and the Load-ſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is all about the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. He loues to bee commended, and he will goe into the Kitchin, but he'le haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as he is content with flattery. He ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the old ſeruants, & tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common-wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limbes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſedome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his wil, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedegree & his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet; if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelfe concealed, then his land;

land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing: except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and hee accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue; aboue all men hee loues an Herauld, and speakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the storie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Danies* day without compariſon.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand ſcannes verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a thought that the Nominatine caſe gouernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled only for words His ambition is *Critciſme*, and his example *Tully*. He values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight parts of ſpeech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, hauing onely the ſingle qualitie of words.

A Ser-

A Seruingman

IS a creature, which though hee be not drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the superscription of his Liuery. His life is, for ease and leisure, much about *Gentleman-like*. His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himselfe higher or lower, as his Master is. Hee hates or loues the Men, as his Master doth the Master. Hee is commonly proud of his Masters horses or his Christmas; he sleepes when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his stomacke is set to goe an houre after his. He seldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee must bee pledg'd; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines till

he come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible baudy ieſts; and againſt his matter faile, hee is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayd, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better: he alwaies cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, and *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

He

He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

Is a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe. He consists of Trauellers, though hee be none

himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *Host*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing whereof hee sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that hee shou'd not eat his hay: and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horse to his face. His curry combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gingling: and is mane combe is a spinners card turn'd out of seruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horse, to the hazard of a double lugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerbe of *Muli mutuo scabient*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdest, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles not. His vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and hee spea-kes Northerne, what countrey man soeuer. Hee hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: hee loues to see you ride, and hold your stirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoule drownd in a lumpe of fl ſh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleepes as hee goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further then his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtiue lades, that no ſpur can driue forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt vnprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides the right vſe, made fit for the cart and the ſtyle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt bookes and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what he is now good

for, ſaue to moue vp and downe and fill roome, or to ſerue as *animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerue (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the varietie of nature, and ornament of the vniuerſe. Hee is meere nothing of himſelfe, neither eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he neuer varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtancie, that a mill-horſe followes his trace. But the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily inuocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill looke a ſquint. You ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye, and lowting head, and a certaine clammy benummed pace) by a faire diſplaied beard, a night cap, and a gowne, whoſe very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of formalitie. But of all others his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of them are much of one ſtuffe

and

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said vnto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome vnderstands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last, for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now dischargeth his memory or Note-booke of, not his vnderstanding, for it neuer came there. What he hath hee flings abroad at all aduentures, without accommodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters vp and downe windlesse without recouery, and whatsoeuer next presents it selfe, his heauy conceite seizeth vpon, and goeth along with, how euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Prouerbs*, or leane-steru'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaides, euen laid aside by Balladers. Hee assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

matically euen with one breath, to auerre poore contradictions. His compositions differ onely *terminorum positione* from dreames; nothing but rude heapes of immateriall, incoherent, drosſie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt vp together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſſe of conceit into him that is ſo prodigall of his eares, as to giue the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with ſuffring ſuch durty ſtuffe caſt into it. As vnwelcome to any true conceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomacke, which whiles hee empties himſelfe of, it ſtickes in his teeth, nor can he be deliuered without ſweat, and ſighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He ſpits, and ſcratches, and ſpawles, and turnes like ſicke men from one elbow to another, and deſerues as much pittie during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Feuers*, or ſelfe-laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite aſunder, and examine euery

ſhred

ſhred of him, you ſhall finde him to bee iuſt nothing, but the ſubiect of nothing: the obiect of contempt; yet ſuch as her is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould euer become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. Shee frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wil-

willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaues tatling to the Goſſips of the Towne, and is more ſeene than heard. Her houſhold is her charge; her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By his diſcretion ſhe hath children, not wantons; a husband without her, is a miſerie in mans apparrell: none but ſhe hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that Nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhee made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altred. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keepes his minde in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faſter. He'le ſeldome be found without the ſhade of ſome groue, in whoſe bottome a riuer dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnſeemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leyſure. Hee thinkes buſineſſe, but neuer does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and faſhions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to ſome purpoſe; but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vſe. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: varietie of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breath, according to the

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue at thrice. He denies nature her due in ſleepe, and nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies: they are the conſuming euils, and euill conſumptions that conſume him aliue. Laſtly, he is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calckt, and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his owne Prouiſion, for heeliues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious,

for

for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who ſhall arriue firſt: hee is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out-runnes darkneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. Hee ſees Gods wonders in the deepe: but ſo, as rather they appeare his play fellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and bard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſleepes are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when hee wakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſedome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euery tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may be ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee

ſtarre.

ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord : or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen : his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it bee ſplit he neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion : and all his thoughts new nations : his body and his ſhippe are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, onely the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne : a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon : vpon any but a woodden horſe he cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him hee dare not : hee ſwarues vp to his ſeat as to a ſaile-yard, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag-ſtaffe: if euer hee be broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe taile : hee can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-

quick ſand plucke him before hee bee ripe, elſe he is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honour and *aqua-vitæ*, two fierie mettald iades, are euer drawing. A yonger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: hee is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and

 letchery

letchery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keepes beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Cleargy, for hee loues his greateſt enemie beſt, much drinking. He ſeemes a full Student, for he is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of needs as cold diſeaſes. No time to

go,

gue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and hee appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more than ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houſes, and raiſeth the low ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their victoriouſneſſe alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to re-

fiſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on ſoote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Ægyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will coner the top of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this hee will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was aſleepe while it was making. Hee differeth attogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for Damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. He is partly an Alchymiſt; for he extracteth his owne apparrell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembicke,

bicke, can turne your ſilkes in to gold, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a moneth or two if hee be vrged vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance. He is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician; cunning enough in Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vſque ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For he could neuer yet finde out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding he hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomeleſſe. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo, with a *Liberanos à malo*; I leaue you, promiſing to amend whatſoeuer is amiſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd peece of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truely whoſe child hee is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and hee flouriſht about a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continually coſtiue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hid-bound; hee euer prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March-beere, hee

mur-

murmures at; what it diſallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtands open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modeſt courſe, he cries out *Councels*. His greateſt care is to contemne obedience, his laſt care to ſerue God, handſomely and cleanely; He is now become ſo croſſe a kinde of teaching, that ſhould the Church enioyne cleane ſhirts, hee were lowſie: more ſenſe than ſingle prayers is not his; nor more in thoſe, than ſtill the ſame petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, hee runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Pariſh, and are the onely gliſter-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is beſt, there hee confures moſt, for his arguing is but the efficacie of his

eating: good bits he holds breeds good poſitions, and the Pope hee beſt concludes againſt, in Plum-broth. Hee is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele, and that ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which hee ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if hee can be brought to Ceremony, and made but maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A whore

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Deuill, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voyage: hee that ſtaies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enioyes her, is at his iorneyes end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her ſhee's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſinnes of other women ſhew in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, ſhee growes a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The money that ſhe gets is like a Traitors, giuen onely to corrupt her; and what ſhee gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. Shee is euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending; and after

thirty, ſhee is the Chirurgions creature: ſhame and Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpitall acquainted. Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeere of her trade ſhee is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cries to draw on more affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, ſhee's an intermewers, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhee reaches; from thence to tenne ſhee beares the name of white Whore, and then her blood forſakes her with ſalt Rhumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhee takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled

now

now vpon her, and line her perch, or now she mewes her pounces, at all these yeeres shee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Bussard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kisseth open mouth'd, and spits in the palmes of her hands to make them moist. Her eyes are like free-booters, liuing vpon the spoile of straglers; and shee baits her desires with a million of prostitute countenances and entisements; in the light shee listneth to parlies: but in the darke she vnderstands signes best. Shee will sell her Smocke for Cuffes, and so her shooes be fine, shee cares not though her stockings want feet. Her modesty is curiosity, and her smell is one of her best

best ornaments. Shee passeth not a span bredth. And to haue done, shee is the Cooke and the meat, dressing her selfe all day, to be tasted with the better appetite at night.

A meere common Lawyer

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *Meteoria prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience: but vpon iudgement giuen, hee vsually sets it at large. He thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by superexcellencie his profession onely is learning, and that it's a pro-

a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts bee there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed hee is all for money. Seuen or eight yeeres ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and euer ſince the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what hee was at dinner. The next morning his man (*in Actu* or *potentia*) inioyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of the laſt yeere of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French-hood, in ſtead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and ioynes iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Herauldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell.

Goſpell. Next Terme hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turne, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, hee arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. Hee learn'd to frame his Caſes from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie t'iwixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or qualitie for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His Termes are his wiues vacations Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes *in Menſum*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneyes end, although hee looke on the *Starre Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* hee hath enough to make terminations of thoſe words which his authority hath indenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere bookes: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much

Geome-

Geometrie, that hee can aduiſe in a *Per ambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtromonie* and *Aſtrologie* he is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, hee knowes the Holy daies, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will belong and durty. Marry, hee knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that hee affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perſpectiue* endeauors much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and giues many falſe colours. Hee is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coate, which are much to bee honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities: but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtin-

ſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to ſet their worth on.

A meere Scholler

A meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe: Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: hee do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that hee either is, or ſhall be a Graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logicke* he dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Towneſ-

Townes-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was neuer begotten (as it seemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is spent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwayes before his wit, like Gentleman-vsher, but somewhat faster. That he is a compleat Gallant in all poynts, *Cap a pea*; witnesse his horsemanship, and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long winded, able to speake more with ease, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuersitie iests are his vniuersall discourse, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparrel of his minde, is made of diuers shreds like a cushion; and when it goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer be the question, the truth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: he giues direc-

tions

ctions for Husbandrie from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the Booke, is skilfull in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heritiques, *Rodulphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such paines to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouertie is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a glister, and 'tis now like Ware mislaid in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where

it is. In a word, he is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profeſſion, nothing in practiſe.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. Hee ſeemes to bee very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and ſometimes in humilitie goes barefoot, therein making neceſſitie a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity: yet hee prooues himſelfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philoſopher, for hee beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſicke firſt inuented, and therefore is hee alwayes furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping time,

proues

proues that hee was the first founde for the Kettle-drumme. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlerresse. So marches he all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuersation is vnreproueable; for hee is euer mending. Hee obserues truely the Statutes, and therefore hee can rather steale then begge, in which hee is vnremoueably constant in spight of whips or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three then want worke; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient customes, conuersing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is verie voluble, which with

Canting proues him a *Linguiſt*. Hee is nettertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoyd ſuſpition. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleeue it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for hee will fight but with one at once, and then alſo hee had rather ſubmit then be counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tyburne and Banbury, hee dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children,

dren, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. Hee is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to Citie-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſilner arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſiuant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Deuill is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eye which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſurucy the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe heſtudieth the optickes, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtitie dazleth his eyes. Hee is a Catholike, for hee is

euery where; and with a Politicke, for hee transformes himselfe into all shapes. Hee trauels on foot to auoyde idlenesse, and loues the Church entirely, because it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all sinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall sinne, and to take bribes a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings and losses at Sea, and in casting account, can readily substract the lesser from the greater summe. Thus liues hee in a golden age, till Death by a processe, summons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worst part of an Astronomer: a certaine compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which hee scores the fortune of a yeere, not so profitably, as doubtfully. Hee is tenant by custome to the Planets, of whom he holds

holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them hee payes yeerely rent, his ſtudie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum.* His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; and if (by chance) he purchaſe any, hee looſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho-Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, than controuled. His liſe is vpright, for hee is alwayes looking vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe*. His charitie extends no further then to mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and

may ſerue for an Almanacke : but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. Hee would be thought the deuils intelligencer for ſtolne goods: if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes flie forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to Chandlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Lawdayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what he will be then, he himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall dishonesty*, and *Artificiall dissimbulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, hee is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euell Nature* and *false Art*, by a monstrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of those creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both these this *Mongrell weede* will shoot) it is hard to say whether he be *Physicke* or a *Disease*: for he is both in diuers respects.

As he is gilt with an out-side of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himselfe to you to bee taken downe in a cup or taste of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may call him *Physicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good stoole, if being truely tasted and reliſht, hee bee not as loath-

loathſome to the ſtomacke of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as hee is odious in taſt, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage of any thing done or ſaide: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulenesſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, make a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If none of theſe

vſes

vſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liueth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but bee the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If hee bee a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practiſe of it but himſelfe; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedie, anſwered: *No, by his leaue, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſciuious talke, vſury and vnconſcionable dealing; when as himſelfe hating

hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers coſt : But this muſt not bee done neither, without a preface of ſeeming lothneſſe, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the breaſt, and proteſting that hee would not doe it, but to ſtrengthen his body, beeing euen conſumed with diſſembled zeale, and tedious and thankleſſe babling to God and his Auditours. And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your ſelfe priuate with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſauour of the ayre which his ſoule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carryed vpon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* & *Imperienſæeſſe* : and they may well ſerue to carrie other vices, for of themſelues they are inſupporta-

ble.

ble. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humaine or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile (as they often doe) muſt bee patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controuerſies* doe not edifie; *Logicke* and *Philoſophie*, are the ſubtilties of *Sathan* to deceiue the *Simple*. Humaine ſtories *prophane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech and perſwaſion (though in his owne

owne tongue) vaine *Ostentation.* And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: sauing that sometimes *Idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage,

His other *Beast Imperiousnesse*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, should binde, if it might haue the full swindge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleasure censure them, if they will not suffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purses to bee emptied with the inundations of his vnsatiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance.* For this doth hee familiarly, insult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doores, or put a finger in their purses. All this,

and

and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniuerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloke-bagge, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple*, and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will doe to the hooke and crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that

that trauelling ſtate, then the Clearke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pupils. Nay, they muſt not onely be obeyed, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger*: a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play houſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanitie: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerele,

A Maquerela, in plaine English, a Bawde.

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Friar Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to bee friends, and meet about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhee accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhe bee rotten. Her enuy is like that of the Deuill, to haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. Shee ſits continually at a racke Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the Pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattle) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhe can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Wardrobe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhee hath onely this one ſhew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in

ſtewde

ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much, as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, hee that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; Hee that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maide.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhee Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very priuate. Her induſtry is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhee is quit of the *Greene ſickneſſe* for e-

uer; For she hath terrible dreames when she is awake, as if she were troubled with the *Night-Mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but shee holds *London* the goodliest Forrest in *England*, to shelter a great belly. She reads *Greenes* workes ouer and ouer, but is so carried away with *the Mirror of Knighthood*, shee is many times resolu'd to runne out of her selfe, and become a Lady Errant. If she catch a clap, she diuides it so equally betweene the Master and the Seruingman, as if shee had cut out the getting of it by a Thred: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Master. The Pedant of the house, though he promise her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, shee hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyde to answer to any Articles concerning questions of Virginity: Her minde, her body, and clothes, are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of

good

good vtterance, ſhee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can bee, either for loue or money. In briefe, theſe *Chambermaydes* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe* then in truth and veritie hee is, I muſt define him tobee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but ſtarke naught for the vnderſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. Hee will bee ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it bee ſometimes accompanied with an abſurdity;

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time hee faſt, it is vpon Sunday, and he is ſure to feaſt vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lies, than one oath, and dare commit any ſinne gilded with a pretence of ſanctity. He will not ſticke to cammit Fornication or Adulterie, ſo it bee done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his heart to lye with any whore, ſaue the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale he holds it lawfull, ſo it be from the wicked & Ægyptians. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſooner to bee halfe hanged, then ſee a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. Hee conceiues his prayer in the Kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes euery Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation,

and

and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisedomes Psalmes*, then the best *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can sing. Hee will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamed all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is so sure of his saluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HE is distinguished from a Sholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seene two plaies, hee thinkes as basely of the

Vniuersity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-schoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuersity*, with that state, as if hee were her Chauncellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeere. Hee will talke ends of *Latine* though it bee false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't bee *Tauernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and hee is ashamed to bee seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his out side, and his chiefest prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and Velure in the Winter. For his recreation, he

hee had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy house, onely to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholly, but when hee wants a new Suite, or feares a Sergeant: At which times onely, he betakes himselfe to *Plowden*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde soares aboue his purse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policie hee had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloaths, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeere, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obserue the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleares, without resignation money. He will not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deere yeare: yet commonly hee spends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, hee sits in as great state ouer his *Peny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If hee be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes

thinkes himselfe greater then euer *Cæsar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather loose an inheritance then an Office, when he stands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furnishing himselfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ship is rigging for a seuen yeeres voyage. He is neuer more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

He thinkes himselfe as fine when hee is in a cleane band, and a new paire of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersity*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy Commander in the Warres.

IS one, that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and layes that as his firſt foundation. Hee neuer bloodies his ſword but in heat of battell; and had rather ſaue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill tenne of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to bee full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deſeruer arriues ſo timely, that his liberality can neuer be ſaid to bee gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honeſt man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more ſpreading ſhadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis a kinde of noble heauineſſe, not inſultation; hee is ſo honourably mercifull to women in

fur-

surprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers best Theaters, and striues to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatnesse of his actions. Hee is the first in giuing the charge, and the last in retiring his foot. Equall toile he endures with the Common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He vnderstands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the first, and least fault beeing sufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iustice*. Besiedge him neuer so strictly, so long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vse of a victory, as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirle-winde carries all afore him; being assured, if euer a man will benefit himselfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage, & reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowne to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to thriue; if hee cannot ouercome his *Enemy* by force, hee do's it by *Time*. If euer he ſhake hands with warre, he can dye more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap à pea*. Hee vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. Hee thinkes warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or

or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch a noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries leuell, gines him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. Hee traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, hee lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt on-ſet ſuffers feare and trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath beene ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. Hee is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that hee ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, hee is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will raile openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the aduerſe party, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-sight: when that is once strucke with terrour, all the *Costiue Physicke* in the world cannot stay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and hee is the first kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytour*, for hee fortifies a Castle against the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer so small a vessell; and like a witch in a sieue, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Deuill. Of all callings his is the most desperate, for he will not leaue off his thieuing though he be in a narrow prison, and looke euerie day (by tempest or fight) for execution. Hee is one plague the Deuill hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a storme; and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that hee can-

cannot repent, though he view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath so little of his owne, that the house he sleeps in is stolne; all the necessities of life hee filches, but one: hee cannot steale a sound sleepe, for his troubled conscience. Hee is very gentle to those vnder him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world, for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty, in his owne example: what hee gets, is small vse to him, onely liues by it, (somewhat the longer) to doe a little more seruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treasure vpon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kinde: and as a *whale* neuer comes a shore but when shee is wounded; so hee very seldome, but for his necessities. He is the *Merchants Booke*, that serues onely to reckon vp his losses; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and *the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon, and forgiue him resti-

tion,

tion, he may liue to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping

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An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shauing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and blood hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him *Stockfish*: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominably, neither shall complaine of annoyance: three large Basins sets vp his Trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vses for his day-bed; for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall bee allowed him, by those make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge seuen seuerall wayes, and

ſcrambles for money, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſetſhire*: at his challenge he ſhewes his mettall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſicke, he dare bleede, though it bee in the dog-dayes: he teaches *Deuilliſh* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himſelfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good vpſhot, hee makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome aboue skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lamb-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backward as he went forward, and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open breaſted to his friends, for his foile, and his doublet, weare not out about two buttons. and reſolute he is, for he ſo much ſcornes to take blowes,

that

that hee neuer weares *Cuffes*; and hee lies better contented with a little, than other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe Fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then onely to read their Patent.

A Puny-Clarke.

HEe is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-moneth. Hee is a Farmers ſonne, and his fathers vtmoſt ambition is to make him an *Attorney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe Dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancery*, for piſſing in their greene pots. Hee eats Ginger-bread at a play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that hee ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banquetting-houſe, and hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup well on Friday nights, hee cares not though his maſter bee a *Puritane*. Hee practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clarke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you bee neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrum*

Bag.

Bug. Lastly, which is great pitty, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinfull burden of his Master at seuerall Courts in *Westminster.*

A Foot-man.

LEt him bee neuer so well made, yet his Legges are not matches, for hee is still setting the best foot forward. Hee will neuer be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer since his childe-hood. His mother (which, out of question, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him runne his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courses. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to serue on horse-backe, hee had proued an excellent Trumpet. He has one happinesse aboue

all the reſt of the Seruingmen: for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee is beſt thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him, when he is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright than any groſſe-gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; onely this, Horſes are vſually let blood on S. *Steuens* day: on S *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper,

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, hee deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. He can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake; not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſery as to outliue good name; nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breaks other mens ſlumbers. *Nobility* lightens in his eyes; and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitality*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memory*, whether at his booke or on horſebacke; hee paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he onely *yeeres*, to approue he hath liued till hee be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high ayme*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of*

an

an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but this doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quicke-ſands*. He hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or die, hee can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, hee ſhewes vnto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

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An Intruder into fauour.

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, he falſly cals a *Courageous conſtancy*, and thinks the beſt part of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe, though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a faire pretext) hee ſeemes to preſerue mudde in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is firſt good to himſelfe; in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe

good

good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, least it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *screwes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to musicke, hee opens his chops, and *singes*, or with a wrie necke, falsto tuning his instrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to encrease his owne. He pretends he is most vndeseruedly enuied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Chesse*, that a Pawne before a King is most plaid on. Debts he owes none, but shrewd turnes, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *Glasse* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holds his nose vp into the winde, and shewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter, shewes on him, as if the Sunne shone

in a puddle; for hee is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, he goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A fayre and happy Milke-maid,

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arraied in the ſpoyle of the *Silke-worme*, ſhee is decke in *innocency*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *Immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhee riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare* her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Corſew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Gloue* or *Aromatique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhee reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeere long of *Iune*, like a new made Haycocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winter euenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being her minde is to doe well. Shee be-

ſtowes

stowes her yeeres wages at next faire, and in chusing her Garments, counts no brauery i'th' world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Physicke* and *Chyrurgerie*, & she liues the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and vnfold sheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because shee meanes none: yet to say truth, she is neuer alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that she dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dreame shall her *superstition*: that shee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues she, and all her care is shee may die in the *Spring-time*, to haue store of flowers stucke vpon her winding sheet.

An Arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the tricke to blow vp Horſe-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyrannon. He is curſt all ouer the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blinde men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or ſlaughter houſe of the Common-hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay, hee cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould

bee brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a bayt for you. Resolue when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops, you are put as it were vpon some Vsurer, that will neuer beare with you past his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cause him) make vrine; let him onely for that say, *Gra'mercy Horse.* For his sale of horses, he hath false couers for all manner of Diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which hee despaires not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a woodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksiluer, and giuing him suppositories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning he feares you will not bite; but he laughes in his sleeue when he hath cozened you in earnest. French-men are his best Chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpose, and knowes hee can deceiue them very easily. He is so constant to his Trade,

that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe he dreames very fearefully of the paving of Smithfield, for he knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

His life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe, makes many a Countrey Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water-Milles* are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. He ſends Challenges by word of mouth: for he proteſts (as he is a Gentleman & a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, and great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, hee proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the vnited forces of the

Romish Catholickes were making vp for *Germany*. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his owne Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, and in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentiſes on Shroue-Tueſday. He loues his Friend, as a Counſellour at Law loues the veluet Breeches hee was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'll be ſure to weare him thred-bare ere hee forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt praier ith' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer night. *Souldier* hee is none, for hee cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpowder*: if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which hee holds his meanes is an eſtate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-dayes; but hee three hundred and odde. He keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſicke next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutch-man reſident in England

IS but a Quarter-Maſter with his wife. Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in S. *Catherines*, and hee'l be puft vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all

places

places of pleasure, he loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede bee ringed for rooting. Next to these hee effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will aforehand; when his hope fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like Flies: six Households will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, and sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loues a Welshman extreamely for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eele skinne, and strip him, his inside outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wines broth for a consumption, and loues the memorie of King *Henry* the 8. most especially for his old Soueraignes.

He ſayes we are vnwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoeuer, hee deſires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues hee trembles at, is ſmall Beere, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy: view him well, and you'll ſay his Gentry ſits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his peny. He hath more places to ſend money to, then the Deuill hath to ſend his Spirits: and to furniſh each Miſtreſſe, would make him run beſides his wits, if he had any to looſe. He accounts

accounts bashfulnes the wickedst thing in the world; and therefore studies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honesty would be out of fashion: he withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his sutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his rising, 'tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue between the two candles, to know if his Suite may passe for currant: hee studies by the discretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three such would keepe three the nimblest Barbers in the Towne, from euer hauing leisure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to do with him, they haue many Irons in the fire. Hee is trauelled, but to little purpose; onely went ouer for acquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cause hee carried himselfe along with him: a Scholler hee pretends himselfe, and sayes he hath sweat for it: but the truth is, hee knowes *Cornelius* farre better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary sports

are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes downe into the Country, where he is brought to milke and white cheese like the *Switzers.*

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amsterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conscience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-crosse* atore it, and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when he was on this side, to be in Prison: hee cries out tis impossible for any man to bee damn'd, that liues in his Reli-

Religion, and his equiuocation is true: ſo long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeere, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometime hee doth *ſacrifice* to his owne belly; prouided, that he put off the Wake of his owne natiuity, or wedding, till *good-Friday*. If there bee a great feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as hee cals them) be there, he will be ſure to bee a gueſt, and to out-eat ſix of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Iew*, he may eat with a *Iew*: hee winkes when he prayes, and thinkes hee knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; and when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries hee is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacy*; the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A diſſaſter

A diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* all the yeere long that loooks backe vpon *Harneſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets forword to meet it: his malice ſuckes vp the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith empoyſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe opinion, or ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like *Coiſtrell*, hee ſtrines to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the Deuill* to ſlumber on; his blood is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oyle, in a poyſon'd ſtomacke.

macke. He infects all societie, as thunder powers wine: warre or peace, dearth or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where hee findes no cause to taxe the State, he descends to raile against the rate of Salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlewindes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy and tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, hee doth but walke in his sleepe, for his visitation is directed to none; his businesse is nothing. He is often dumbe-mad, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can bee of all religions; therefore truely of none. Thus by vnnaturallizing himselfe, some would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere

A meere Fellow of an Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, he findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-velvet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe-ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. Hee ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes hee keepes them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, and

blow

blow his nose at euery period, to recouer his memory: and studies chiefely to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iust standing water, betweene *Protestant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of plurality of Benefices and Non-residency; and when hee rises, acts a long Grace to his looking-glasse. Against he comes to bee some great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very Coward. He speakes swords, Fights *Ergo's*: His pace on foot is a measure; on horse-backe a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse vse then possession of Bookes. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest Author by his name; nor so vnskill'd in the Herauldry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowship, and begins another.

A meere Pettyfogger

IS one of *Sampsons foxes*: Hee sets men togeather by the eares, more shamefully then *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his sport is to goe a Fishing *with the Penall statutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you see it, onely *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepes his *Client* vndoing somewhat the longer. He is a vestrie-man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar* when his wicked *Councell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to *Vnder-Shriuesship*; which hauing thrice runne through, hee do's not feare the *Lieutenant* o'th Shire: nay more, he feares not God. *Cowardise* holds him a good Common-wealths man; his penne is the plough, and parch-

ment

ment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience. Hee would wiſh (though he be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his Tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continual Plea at *weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Sertice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incenſe the furie: hee would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of money. Hee makes his Will in forme of a Law cauſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Poperie) ſure hee would

hide

hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his spirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him; hee slanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cause of scarsity. His hoording in a deere yeere, is like *Erisichthons* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque vrbibus esse, quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit vni.* He prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our fore-fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheat for twelue pence a bushell. He wishes that *Dauila* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather be

cer-

certaine of ſome forraine inuaſion, then of the ſetting vp of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) hee will buy halfe a buſhell i'th' Market to ſerue his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Ægypt; ſo his (carried by the winde) ſhould proclame his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlour, which hee will deſcribe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarſity. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of breadcorne; which hee could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penaltie, he growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for euer;

or we our superfluous sense of smelling, (as he tearmes it) that his Corne might not be found musty. The Poore hee accounts the Iustices intelligencers, & cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of discouering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kind of instinct, he bindes Prentise to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yeare in's belly, and rauins bread extreamly: when he comes to be a free-man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A deuilish Vsurer

IS sowed as *Cummin* or *Hempe-seede*, with curses; and he thinkes he thriues the better. He is farre better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his

cun-

euill Angell perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner be ſaued by them. He can bee no mans friend; for all men he hath moſt intereſt in, he vndoes: and a double dealer he is certainly; for by his good will, hee euer takes the forfeit. He puts his mony to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good Deedes he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered: nor doth hee wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Beehiues; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinkes he might bee drawne to loue a Scholler, could hee reduce the yeare to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe money might come in the faſter. He ſeemes to be the ſon of a Iaylor, for all his eſtate is in moſt heauy & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of paiment, and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndooing: he doth onely feare the day of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, than the paiment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: he remooues his lodging when a ſubſidie comes; and if

hee be found out, and pay it, hee grumbles Treaſon; but tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their Spirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundreth pound take one light ſix-pence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*, for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. He is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Iakeſ farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) he fals into a cold ſweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money as if hee thought to finde it againe at the laſt day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee liue to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his caſe. The Table hee keepes is able to ſerue twenty tall men; his ſer-

uants

uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet hee commends in all men, but himſelfe: hee comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, 'cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, hee loues all the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, he would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, he is made Adminiſtrator to his owne good name while hee is in perfect memory, for that dies long afore him; but he is ſo far from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for Neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather Surfet, the Pox, or deſpaire,

for seldome such as he die] of Gods making, as honest men should do.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies hee names himselfe, *The first Man*. If he had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, he could not haue choos'd but done well: For in this (though it be a meane one) he is stil plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is euermore telling strange Newes, most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, hee'l equiuocate & sweare he's a single man. Little trust is to be giuen to him, for he thinkes that day he does best, when he fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: hee keepes such a bawling at Westminster, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be

be tane with him. When he is vpon the Water, he is Fare-company: when hee comes a-shore, he mutinies; and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentlemen. when they tender paiment. The Play-houses onely keep him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the most terribleſt eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good maners.

A reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatneſſe, onely measur'd by his godneſſe: his care is to appeare ſuch to the people, as he would haue them be; and to bee himſelfe ſuch as he appeares; for vertue cannot ſeeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatneſſe yeeldes a moſt delightfull proſpect; but withall, that it is moſt ſubiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, ſit and cenſure the actions of thoſe in authority: he ſquares his owne therefore, that they may fare be aboue their pitty: he wiſhes fewer Lawes, ſo they were better obſeru'd: and for thoſe are Mul&tuarie, he vnderſtands their inſtitution not to bee like briers or ſprings, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoyd the ſhip-

wracke

wracke of ignorant passengers: he hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: hee thinkes himselfe then most honourably seated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand: hee rather striues to purchase good name, then land; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there hee deliuers his minde plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to haue lesse credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keepes peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heraulds: but fairly sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

Aver-

Characters.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her childrens ſake ſhee firſt marries, for ſhe maried that ſhe might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhe marries no more. She is like the pureſt Gold, only imployed for Princes meddals, ſhee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioynture mooues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhee thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhold make her aſham'd of her husbands calling. She thinkes ſhe hath traueld all the World in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heauen. Hir maine ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinkes her husbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhe not performe his Will: ſhe would do it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. Shee giues much

much to pious vſes, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhee wrought into workes of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her husband. She liues to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſarie for earth, God cals her not to heauen, till ſhe be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall ſtrength faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it growes to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heauen. This latter Chaſtity of hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere ſhe was married: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealouſie. Shee ought to be a mirrour for our yongeſt Dames to dreſſe themſelues by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in ſuffering the loſſe of her Husband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles. Shee hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can bee: She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any ſuperſti-

tion

tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heraulds Hearse-cloth; she serues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. She vses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of six Mid-wiues. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last shee shootes out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a single life, as Horse-coursers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the bigg-

of

of the Guard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her seruants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that summon any to this combate; by them shee gaines much credit, but looseth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama est mendax.* If she liue to be thrice married, shee seldome failes to cozen her second Husbands Creditors. A Church-man she dare not venture vpon; for shee hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though hee haue Candle-rents in the City, for his estate may bee subiect to fire: very seldome a Lawyer, without he shews his exceeding great practise, and can make her case the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow; euer prouided, that most part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lie conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, she falles off her selfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is

crack't

crack't. Lastly, while she is a Widdow, obserue her, she is no morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and sacke, may make her listen to a husband: and if euer she be made sure, tis vpon a full stomacke to bed-ward.

A Quacksaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of Diseases to stuffe it with, tis all the skill he studies for. He tooke his first beginning from a Cunning woman, and stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her Sea coale fire. All the diseases euer sinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corcutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling against such, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly

friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fish-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a most abominable deale of *Carduus-water*, and the Conduites cry out, All the Learned Doctors may cast their Cappes at him. Hee parts stakes with some Apothecarie in the Subburbes, at whose house he lies: and though he be neuer so familiar with his wife, the Apothecarie dare not (for the richest horne in his Shop) displease him. All the Mid-wiues in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurses and young Merchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniust Bone-setter, than a Dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the small Poxe; made more deafe than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowte, shrunk more sinews than one that makes Bow-strings, & kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a Farrier. His discourse is vomit, and his ignorance,

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delayes, and doubles then a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: hee ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee ſhall want diſeaſes, hee'l beget them. His eſpeciall practice (as I ſaid afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure hee gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Iugler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the City will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them employ him in ſcouring *Moore-ditch*.

A Cheator

A Canting Rogue.

TIs not vnlikely but he was begot by ſome Intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouer-ſeers of his Will. He leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. Hee will not beg out of his limit though hee ſterue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot endure him, for hee is of the infantry, and serues best on foot. He offends not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hée will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer sued vpon the Statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better description of *England*; for he hath trauel'd it ouer and ouer. Lastly, hee brags, that his great houses are repair'd to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garison neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little goe farre; some driue it from more antiquity, and say *Adam*(when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feede the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the Kitchin(which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very sawcy companion. Euer since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation should keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their Conscience. He can be truely said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. He is the prime cause why Noble-

men build their houſes ſo great, for the ſmalneſſe of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger : and the Lord cals him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhromes, or any thing : that which he dreſſes we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is ſo full of varietie, that he brags, and truely, that he giues you but a taſte of what he can doe : he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which saies, We ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time bee confinde to the Church-yard; at least within fiue shot on't: for at euery Church stile, commonly there's an Ale house; where let him be found neuer so idle pated, hee is still a graue drunkard. He breakes his fast heartilest while hee is making a graue, and saies the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would like him to bee a Slouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extreamly, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheetes be not made wormes meat. Like a Nation cald the *Cusani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; he gets by Burials

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe be both at a stand: hee neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, and there he sleepes by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a grim Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head; so superstitiously he followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling with State-

businesse,

buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, he findes out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His Order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuite, and would be called Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that giue him freedome, he weares a Maske vpon his heart; in *England* hee ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber: the modesty of the *Pursuant* hath onely forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Evill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is most exquisitly perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, hee charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawne from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not striue to make nature monstrous, shee is often seene in the same Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee see him personate, we thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seuerall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for studie or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde Beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men liuing, a worthy Actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herauld. There is no truer seruant in the house then himselfe. Though he be Master he sayes not to his seruants, goe to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. Hee is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men

sleepe

ſleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-kniues. When he builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almes-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription. He neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vſes hee any cruelty, but when he hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of Iuly, he goes to the next Riuer, and ſheares his ſheepe. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the countrey Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Euen-ſong. Rocke-Monday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrouings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed cake, theſe he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of Popery. He is not ſo inquiſitiue after newes deriued from the priuie

priuie closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himselfe, though hee hold by neuer so meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire young) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; hee cares not when his end comes, he needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and should hee bee hang'd or pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practises the Art of most vncleanely con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer hee did, was the tune hee ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, hee is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well layd together.

A Conetem

A Couetous man.

THis man would loue honour and adore God, if there were an L. more in his name: Hee hath coffinde vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his body; He could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger on condition he had his chymicall quality. At the grant of a new ſubſidie he would gladly hang himſelfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take money vpon vſe when he heares of a priuy ſeale. His morning prayer is to ouer looke his bagges, whoſe euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to cozen this Tenant, begger that Widdow, or to vndoe ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart, and if he euer pray, it is ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may bee obtained. His vſe is

doubled,

doubted, and no one ſixpence begot or borne, but preſently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not bee acquainted with fire for feare of miſchance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime remooues his aged wood-pile which he meanes to leaue to many deſcents till it hath outliued all the woodes of that Countrey. He neuer ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new yeeres gifts) in hope that his ſeruants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no ſin which hee dare not act ſaue onely luſt, from which hee abſtaines for feare hee ſhould bee charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yeere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerue him the next quarter. In his talke he rails againſt eating of breakefaſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweares he is impoueriſhed with

with paying of tythes. Hee had rather haue the frame of the world fal, than the price of Corne. If he chance to trauell, he curſes his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake-bag is ſure to take care for his prouiſion. His nights are as troubleſome as his daies, euery Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet ſleepes. If he haue a daughter to marry, he wiſhes he were in Hungary, or might follow the cuſtome of that country, that all her portion might bee a wedding Gowne. If he fall ſicke, he had rather die a thouſand deaths, than pay for any phyſicke: and if he might haue his choyce, he would not go to heauen but on condition he may put money to vſe there. In fine, he liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which ſo many carefull hands had ſcraped together) to haſte after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purſe.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a qualitie that condemnes euery one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloathes, thinkes himſelfe wrong'd if they be not obſeru'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe applauded: when hee vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuit will giue him leaue, and euery paſſenger he views vnder the eye-browes, to obſerue whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returns with an Imperious Nod: He neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knowes his own ſtation; which if it chaunce to loſe, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Common wealth out of order, then the leaſt member

ber of his Muchato, and chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to haue his band ruffled; at a feaſt if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeat, he eats nothing, howſoeuer, he drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come, he can eate little he hath beene ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe, he talkes of none but Priuy Counſellors, and is as prone to be-lie their acquaintance as he is a Ladies fauors: if he haue but twelue-pence in his purſe, he wil giue it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe. He goes to Sermons, onely to ſhew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour dayes he chance to meet his friend, hee is ſory he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

A Priſon.

IT ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpital: for moſt of your wealthy Cittizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept vpon Almes. Charities houſe and this, are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is heere praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecution cannot chuſe but proue good Chriſtians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, and ſuffer for the trueth. And yet it is ſo curſed a peece of Land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeare long: the plague ſores of the Law, are the diſeaſes heere hotly reigning. The Sergeons are Atturnies & Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *LORD haue mercy vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for

debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo neere) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre. For it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, and the naſty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts: by which meanes it comes to be a perfect meddal of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keyes, ratling of ſhackles, bolts, and grates are heere to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy, in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euery man heere ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuiſion vpon euerie

note, & yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) do trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske vnder what Horizon this climate lies, the *Bermooda* and it are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iſland (like that) is haunted with diuels, it is not ſo: for thoſe deuils (ſo talked of, & feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the vpper decke. They in the common Iayle lye vnder hatches, and help to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Councel the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwaine, his fleeting Clearke the Swabber, Bonds the waues, Out-lawries guſts, the Verdicts of Iuries rough windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this and a ſhip differ not much in the building;

building; the one is a moouing miſerie, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdie-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeene (in any roome) but ſcuruy Beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonour it) it is an Vniuerſitie of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this

creature: he dwels on the backe ſide of the World, or in the Subburbes of ſociety, and liues in a Tenement which he is ſure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and This vnder it. At his firſt comming in, he is a *peece* of *new Coine*, all ſharking olde priſoners lye ſucking at his purſe. An olde man and *hee* are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre. They are ſtill angry, and peeuiſh, and they ſleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confuſion of Languages is onely in his mouth. All the Vacations, he ſpeakes as good Engliſh, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* he breakes out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurres*, *Querrels*, *Subpenaes*, *&c.* able to fright a ſimple Countrey-fellow, and make him beleeue he Coniures. Whatſoeuer his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choller* or deepe

Melan-

Melancholly, ſo that hee needes euery houre to take Phyſicke to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is verie *foule* and *corrupt*, and extreamely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomacke, giues him fiue or ſix ſtooles, and leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an vtter Barreſter (nay, a Sargeant of the Caſe) will feede heartily vppon him, hee is verie good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) begge him for an *Anatomie* after he hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made vpon his bodie: for he is a kinde of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Iaylors* deuoure it: *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flay off his owne skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond ſlaue to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience

ence

ence write himselfe a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of fiue or sixe colours; this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curseth the time that euer he saw them. His *apparrell* is daub'd commonly with Statute lace, the *suite* it selfe of *durance*, and the *hose* full of long Paines. He hath many other lasting suits, which he himselfe is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe so glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, & ends in *Pisces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yere long) in troublesome and laborious *motions*, and *Westminster Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee liues betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that meanes is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purse*, and *hornes* for his *head* if his wiues heeles bee light. If he bee a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* so soone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatsoeuer they bare before here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he

lies

lies by it, he's trauelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the snowes that lye vnmelted in the middle of Summer. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire Weather. Of all the files of men he marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world. He hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a Wood full of *wolues*, and nothing so hard as to *get away*, without being deuoured. He that walkes from six to six in *Pauls*, goes still but a quoites cast before this man.

A Creditor

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſſe-legg'd do much reſemble *him*, ſauing that *this* is a little more *croſſe*. Hee wears a forfeited band vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welſhman* does a *Leeke* on S. *Dauids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught, for the newes that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Towne, drawes out of him both muſcadel & money to. He ſayes the *Lords prayer backewards*, or (to ſpeak better of him) he hath a *Pater Noſter* by himſelf, & that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts*, *as we forgiue others*, &c. he either quite leaues out, or els leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Blond hound* of the *law* and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly & with great iudgement. He hath a *quick*

ſent

ſent to ſmell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to purſue it, yet neuer opens till he bites, and bites not but hee *killes*, or at leaſt drawes *blood*, and then hee *pinſheth* moſt *doggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beaſt vpon which he *ambles* ſo often to Weſtminſter. And a *Lawyer* is his God *Almighty*, in *him* only he truſts, to *him* he flyes in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour; to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angelles*, to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farriar*, and helpes to recouer all his diſeaſed and maimed Obligations. Euery Tearme hee ſets vp a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, vpon which he rackes and ſtretches Gentlemen like Engliſh *broadcloath*, beyond the ſtaple of the Wooll, till the threds cracke, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrinke, and preſently to weare *bare*: Marrie hee handles a Cittizen (at leaſt if himſelfe

be

be one) like a peece of *Spaniſh cloth*, giues him onely a twitch, and ſtraines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *breake of himſelfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather than faile, he takes ten groats i'th'pound for his *ranſom*, and ſo lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hillary* to th'end of *Michaelmas*, his purſe is full of *Quick-ſiluer*, and that ſets him running from *Sun riſe* to *Sun ſet*, vp *Fleetſtreete*, and ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Atturny*, then to a *Counſellour*, and in euery of theſe places, hee melts ſome of his *fut* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to graſſe, and gets vp his *fleſh* againe, which hee bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnleſſe he could be ſau'd by his book, he cannot for his heart call for a *Pſalme* of *mercy*.

He

He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debters, with whom *ſcratching Attorneyes* (like *cats*) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *vnſatible creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sergeant

WAs once taken (when hee *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decaied Shop keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghil* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Deuill made ſometimes out of one of the twelue Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hel: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without iſſue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow

widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monstrous, hee now goes in Buffe: his Conscience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole Cittie* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liuer) is the Offalles on which he feedes. The Deuill cals him his *white Sonne*; he is so like him, that hee is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *Crust* hee leapes at: *Crie*, a *Ducket Qucke*, and hee plundges not in so eagerly as at *this*. The *dogges chaps water* to fetch nothing else: hee hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, looke you *Rogue* heere is money. He goes *muffled* like a Theefe, and carries still the markes of one, for hee *steales* vpon a man *cowardly*, *Plackes* him by the Throate, makes him *stand*, and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Terme vp Holborne, and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation he lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blinde, drunken, bawdy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpie his prey, out he leapes, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; he neuer is forſworne, for he ſweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace* which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poyſon. This Rauen pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *Night-Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodemon* hath

the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately vpon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee paies him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Sherieffes Cuſtards hee is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The City is (by the cuſtome) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-houſe*, but theſe within the walles, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds he hangs.

His Yeoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame

Bale,

Bale, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſome-what *higher* and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a patterne. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreete breakefaſt*. The *Deuill* is but his father in *law*; & yet for the loue hee beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of praiers) he does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharpe & he more hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purſes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the Citie, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſucke more ſiluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common-cruell Iaylor

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould be a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhneſſe, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt of the rubbiſh, which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe Angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whether he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Iaylors ſoule ſtands not vpon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Iudges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gaue him all his limbs perfect, hee would ſtrike thoſe on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

againſt a Debtor, hee is a Creditors ſe, cond; but obſerues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe aduantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang vp together, and are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſauing that the one is harder then the other, and and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. He diſtils money out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of Hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he does nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of Hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his Office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer eſcape, and to be ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt to finde the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if hee deſires luſtice to be done him) for hee ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heauen hath no neede of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe euery night, he onely and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be euer in feare, and euer hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαραξω, which ſignifies to engraue, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme, in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloze: It is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour, is his honeſt thought,
And ſilly Truth *his higheſt skill.*

whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreit:
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with praiſe;
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend:

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

An Eſ-

An Eſſay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is ſo potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour; and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall doe my ſelfe much eaſe. Becauſe valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To ſpeake of it in it ſelfe, It is a qualitie which he that hath, ſhall haue leaſt neede of: ſo the beſt league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lye infufferable, though being alone hee findes no hurt it doth him. It leaues it ſelfe to others cenſures. For he that brags of his owne, diſſwades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a ſword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner, for though hee be generally held a foole, hee ſhall ſeldome heare ſo much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more then

than any ſpectacles, for it maketh a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakeneſſe is her prerogatiue; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſher which alwaies goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witneſſe of his owne words, and ſtand to what euer hee hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reuiling vnto the Law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt neuer boaſt himſelfe in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behouefull for that Sexe, for from it they receiue protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obtainining, for a man of armes is alwaies voyd of ceremonie, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Piramus* and *Thiby*, that is, Man and Woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant vpon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that onely by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefac'tneſſe wee put them in minde to bee modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke to perſwade the hearers that they are that already, which we would haue them to be. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is far from men of valour, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are euer men (without doubt) forward, and confident, loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Louer. And becauſe they know women are giuen to diſſemble; they will neuer beleeue them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing blackbroke in vpon vs, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding through Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legges, were held but of

ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marry their widdowes. And euen in our daies there can be giuen no reaſon of the inundation of Seruingmen vpon their Miſtreſſes, but onely that vſually they carry their Miſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To be counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or welfauoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to bee admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeake at once, man hath a priuiledge in valour; In cloathes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that ſexe will not thinke much (as farre as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youthes, theſe women in mens apparell, are too neere a woman to bee beloued of her, they bee both of a Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, & ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and varietie. A ſcar in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in a

womans,

womans; and a mole in a womans, is a Iewell ſet in white to make it ſeeme more white; For a ſcar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemiſh; for 'tis a ſcarre and a blemiſh in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things elſe, which are to procure Loue, as a good face, wit, cloathes, or a good body; each of them I confeſſe may worke ſomewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Riuall. A good face auailes nothing if it bee in a coward that is baſhful, the vttmoſt of it is to be kiſſed, which rather increaſeth then quencheth Appetite. He that ſends her gifts, ſends her word alſo that hee is a man of ſmall gifts otherwiſe: for wooing by ſignes and tokens, implies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue were aliue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuerſity, that gifts ſhould be ſent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promiſe then Loue. Wit is not to bee ſeene: and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing;

but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting womans: Nay which is worſe, wit is not to be felt, and ſo no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a woman makes her diſſolue her ſympering, and diſcouer her teeth with laughter; and this is ſurely a purge for loue; for the beginning of loue is a kinde of fooliſh melancholly. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inueagle his loue with ſuch a coloured ſuite, ſurely the ſame deepely hazards the loſſe of her fauour vpon euery change of his cloathes. So likewiſe for the other that courts her ſilently with a good Body, let me certifie him that his cloathes depend vpon the comlineſſe of his body, and ſo both vpon opinion. She that hath beene ſeduced by apparrell, let me giue her to wit, that men alwayes put off their cloathes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her ſeruants body, vnderſtand that if ſhee ſaw him in a skinne of cloath, that is, in a Suite made of the patterne of his body, ſhe would ſee ſlender

cauſe

cauſe to loue him euer after. There is no clothes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a Suit of ſteele, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoone ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubiect of all whiſpering, & hath alwaies twenty ſtories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Miſtake me not, I vnderſtand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Seruingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then ſuch as made Bucklers would bee counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen reſolution grounded vpon reaſon: which is alwayes euen, hauing his power reſtrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt be a man of few words.

CERTAINE EDICTS from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell.*

INprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparrell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhee is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhee be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchleſſe name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keepes

eepes her houſe for want of good clo-
hes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe
ontempt of the worlds vanity, vnleſſe
he ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Banckrupt Knight, that
o ſet vp ſhop againe becomes paraſite
r Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall
ner after ſweare by his honour; but by
is Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint,
hall finde fault with her Painter that
ath not counterfeited her picture faire
nough, vnleſſe ſhee will acknowledge
er ſelfe to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine loue
ath beene reiected by a vertuous La-
y, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and
aſt her off, vnleſſe he will take the baſe
ying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo re-
ected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her loo-
ing glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vn-
leſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-waiter ſhall
ed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that ſweareth when hee loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall bee call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall thinke hee hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall bee called chaſte.

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, ſhall haue his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard.

Item, ſhee that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite; and ſhe that employes all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of Spider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquirie amongſt her Goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, hee that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which hee profeſſeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policie raile ſuddenly on her, for feare hee bee noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate hee may ſay that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, and that he findes her wauering in good-

neſſe, and in time hee ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if hee were loth to bring his iudgement into queſtion; nor would hee doe it, but that he preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.

NEVVES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVPposall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essaies, and priuate *passages of Wit, betweene sundry Gentlemen vpon that subiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euerie mans by assenting. That time makes euerie thing aged, and yet it selfe was neuer but a minute

old. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwayes cleares her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *Wit* and a *Woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankinde than the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to bee ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers words. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee, the latter makes vſe of what is. That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a

little

little beyond himselfe, is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *Trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuailed, that *Truth* is now the greatest newes.

Sir *T. Ouer*.

Answer to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Sal-

uation

uation was laide before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merit, goes iuſt as farre backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the wooſe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Deuill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but not weight,

weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Country Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſtie. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of Peace is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue too heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That wee loue names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want

want of humilitie. That the Puritane perſecution is as a cloude that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Country-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long is to fill vp the dayes we liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the

externall is policie. That good and ill is the crosse and pile in the ayme of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reason of the Soule, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of Policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the Ornament. That Authority presseth downe with weight, and is thought violence: Policie trips vp the heeles and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, hee that is first out, findes ease, hee in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that driues both ourafore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the easiest purchase, for wee are the richer for the disburfing. That liberalitie should haue no object but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the mysterie of greatnesse is to keepe the inferiour ignorant

of

of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the Citie cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

Sir T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue beene in fashion, and are verie neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the selling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the great fals The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuours vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying

of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God bee thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christmasse Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well upon Beds, as plashed against walles. That our carts are neuer worse imployed, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authours, like haires in horse tailes, concure in one roote of beauty and strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serue onely for Springes and Snares. That both want and aboundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

we

we do not all eat thereof. That our best three-pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That Statesmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauourites course her and are euer in view. That intemperance is not so vnwholesome heere; for none euer saw Sparrow sicke of the pox. That heere is no trechery nor fidelitie, but it is because heere are no secrets. That Court motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor returne to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-wheeles, busie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee vicissitudes.

I.D.

Answer

Answer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dresser of his owne fatting. That the fiue Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and these that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much louing her own, becomes vnnaturall and foolish. That

the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Countrey, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke. Actions doth expreſſe knowledge better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather bee an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray-head, wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquity will beare an old error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Herauldrie* of Arts, and array of Iudgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſtie of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it bee drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two Creatures. Our perfections in this World is vertue; in the next knowledge;

ledge; when wee ſhall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to haue no obiect of pleaſure, and vniformity is a better proſpect then varietie. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and fals, calmes, and croſſe gales are yours, in order and turne; fore windes but by chance. That it is the worſt winde to haue no winde, and that your ſmooth fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open enemies croſſe-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing ſo intricate and infinite, to rigge a ſhip as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That no

pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noiſe of a Storme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be

be kept in distance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will close. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will bee but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Shippe vnder ſaile bee a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſaue the paſſenger. And heere I caſt Anchor.

W.S.

Forraine Newes of the yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that beeing new, are hard and harsh, proue best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it drie foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish and vnstable: a wonder if that be setled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance, to bee made free Diniſons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their ſcarres, which cannot bee ſo well cloſed to the ſight, but they will lye open to the memorie. That a Princes pleaſurable vices, vſhered by authority, and waited on by conniuence, ſooner puniſh themſelues by the ſubiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonſtrance or corection: ſo apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftner for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the ſhorteſt cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of moſt, fears moſt. That it more vexeth the proud, that men deſpiſe them, then that they not

feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it a groſſe flattering of tired cruelty, to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whether it will. That euen Galley-ſlaues, ſetting light by their captiuity, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to bee ſo courteous as to giue the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſſe, more feare then hurt.

From

Newes.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſinne is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould bee held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficial friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feede, to feedeon. That for an Engliſh man to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we liue, ſo wee take heed how wee liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt & the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

Newes.

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſſe, make their houſes their Tombes, and dye before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouer-top them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is becauſe they are openly bad. That frugality is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

Newes.

From Germanie.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proue his owne too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euery ſlight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

From

From the Low-Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſerie, hee liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good is variable.

Newes

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience, then a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coſen the Deuill. That *Flattery* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames

dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at Tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeer, is a good bed without a fellow. That hee who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That hee who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe and take humility in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in ſleepe we kindly ſhake death by the hand; but when wee are awaked, we will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many triais to dye, that at laſt we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſity, or a ſeruants diſcouery.

God giue you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the Deuill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt couzen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is Deaths Leiger-Ambaſſadour. That time can neuer bee ſpent: we paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance, or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part loſing all is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestants in Spaine. That predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sickenesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreme sickenesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleare: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer increaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falsehood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale, and lame knowledge, are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no Porter but resolution

keepes

keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world: if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threeſcore and tenne: and hee that lives to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meate, is our election before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. Hee that hates to bee reproued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Ieſter is the Fiddle that the hearts of the company dance too. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee

that hath many friends eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a cholericke man ſits euer by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluitie of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe, is a gilt emptie bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vain-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any passion is drie drunke. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauy soule to leane on. He that sinnes that hee may repent, surfets that he may take physicke. He that rises without thanksgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to suppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a croſſe courſe that lye downe there. That thoſe that will not riſe, their ſoules muſt, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That wee haue ſpent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iuſtice. That Chriſt when hee went away, left good ſeede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee ſhall finde Chriſtians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got vpon vs, the ſame way that hee did at the firſt, by drawing ſhadowes ouer ſubſtances, as hee did the body ouer the ſoule. That *Proteſtants* weare the name of Chriſt for a Charme, as *Papiſts* doe the Croſſe. That States vſe it, the Cleargie liue by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That euerie one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meetes a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to bee blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to caſt them out, as Deuils. That thoſe which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That wee haue a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could finde it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, hee is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernment of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that hee giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as he requires an account, ſo he muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters:

were not ashamed the heauens should see them lie without a couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* studied Astromony, which makes the posterity of her Sex euer since to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senses are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the soule euer awakes to watch the body. That iealous man sleepes dog-sleepe. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a Wise man and a Foole. That for all times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That the Deuill and mischiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, farthest off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had beene all true, there had not beene since Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R. S.

Newes from Ship-boord,

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that liues without Religion, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe

of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the foole is Sea-ſicke in a Calme, but the wiſe mans ſtomacke endures all weathers. That paſſions in a foole, are Ordinance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their property of offending others and ruine himſelfe. That good Fortunes are a ſoft quickſand, adverſite a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in powerty a ready rigg'd Shippe, that lies wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoeuer it lyes. Wiſedome makes vſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-markes to ſaile by.

H.R.

Newes from the Chimney-corner.

THat wit is Brush-wood, iudgement Timber: the one giues the greatest flame, the other yeeldes the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that hold vp their Clyents till they burne each other to ashes: they receiue warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a Wise rich man is like the backe of or stocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, he receiues it not for his owne neede, but to reflect the heat to others good. That House-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughes in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoake, and then nothing. A young fel-

fellow falne in loue with a Whore, is ſaid to be falne a ſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit onely, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keepes a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryars as flie the world for the trouble of it, lie in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dogge in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meate for other mens eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

in stead of a coale for heat. That a wise mans heart is like a broad hearth that keepes the coales (his passions) from burning the house. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maske, and preſented *before his Maieſtie at* White-hall.

Maſculine.

1 *HE cannot be a Cuckold that weares a Gregorian.* — *For a Perriwig cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honourable then a Knight made in the field.* — *For Furres are deerer then Spurs.*

3 *A Drunkard is a good Philoſopher.* — *For hee thinkes aright: the world goes round.*

4 *The Deuill cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe.* — *For Saint Dunſton ſeard vp that with his tongs.*

5 *A Shoomaker is the fitteſt man in the pariſh to make a Conſtable.* — *For hee (virtute officij) may put a man into the ſtocks & eaſe him at laſt.*

6 *A Priſoner is the beſt Fencer.* — *For hee euer lies at a cloſe ward.*

7 *An elder brother may be a wiſe man.* — *For hee hath wherewithall to purchaſe experience at any rate.*

8 *Burgomaſters ought not to weare furre Gownes at midſummer.* — *For they may ſo bring in the ſweating ſickneſſe.*

9 *A Cutpurſe is the ſureſt trade.* — *For his worke is no ſooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow then a maid.* — *For* Cauſa patet.

11 *Downeright language is the best to winne a woman.* — *For plaine dealing is a Iewell, and there is no Ladie but desires to haue her.*

12 *If a woman with childe long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if hee will not, she will doe it without him.*

13 *A painted Ladie best fits a Captaine.* — *For so both may fight vnder their colours.*

14 *Rich widdowes were ordained for yonger brothers.* — *For they being borne to no lands must plough in another mans soile.*

15 *Tis dangerous to marry a widow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man.* — *For shee shall be sure to keepe all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wise man will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning & tongues is an admirable creature.* — *For a Star-ling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.*

19 *A great Lady should not weare her owne haire.* — *For that is too meane, as a coat of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Necke should stand awrie.* — *For so shee looks as if she look't for a kisse.*

21 *Women loue fish better then flesh.* — *For they will haue place whatsoeuer they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Vsurer is the best Christian.* — *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet, & fidei.

23 *The best bodies should weare the meaneſt habits.* — *For painted-cloths were made to hide bare walles.*

24 *It is better to be a begger then to be a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his traſique, and yet hee payes no Cuſtome.*

25 *Tis more ſafe to bee drunke with the Hop, then with the Grape.* — *For a man ſhould bee more inward with his Countreyman then with a ſtranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt ſhould be as deepe in drinke.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Players houſes are more neceſſarie in a well gouern'd Common-wealth, then ſchooles.* — *For men are better taught by example, then precept.*

28 *Tauernes are more requiſite in a Countrey then Academies.* — *For it is better that the multitude were louing then learned.*

29 *A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdy-house are Com-in cidents.* — *For ſmoke is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then Wit.* — *For few Poets haue had the fortune to bee choſen Aldermen.*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all vpon her.*

32 *A kennell of Hounds is the beſt Conſort.* — *For they neede no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better ſcholers then the Vniverſities.* — *For when the King vouchſafes to be a* Teacher, *every man bluſhes to bee a* non Proficient.

34 *A nimble Page is more vſefull for a Lady then a long Gentleman-vſher.* — *For a Sparrow is more actiue then a bauld Buzzard.*

35 *Tis better to be a Coward then a Captaine.* } { *For a Goose liues longer then a Cocke of the Game.*

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approued Receipt against Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady bee sicke of the Sullens, shee knowes not where, let her take a handfull of simples, I know not what, and vse them I know not how, applying them to the place grieued, I know not which, and she shall be cured I know not when.

Against the Scuruy.

If any Scholler bee troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may proue scuruy; let him first forbeare clawing

clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by any meanes vpwards.

For restoring Gentlemen-vshers Legs.

If any Gentleman-vsher haue the Consumption in his Legs, let him feede lustilie vpon Veale, two moneths in the Spring-time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and hee shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him trauell to *Iapan*; or because the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawfull vse of his hand; let him but once

vse

vſe the exerciſe of ſwinging, and ſtretch himſelfe vpon the ſoueraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

If a Virgin be ſo ſicke of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all ſpeede poſſible remoue her ſelfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe trauels, alwayes after vſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhe be married, & then ſhe is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eat to her breakefaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Amber-greece, and at ſupper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and aboue al things let her auoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt shee shall fructifie.

For the falling sickenesse.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling-sickneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Gliſters: neither let her trauell Weſtward-Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt auoyd the *Ile* of *Man*. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwaies her legs acroſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant bee troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that hee cannot goe abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from ſixe moneths to ſixe moneths, and he ſhall be as able a man as euer he was.

The

Songs.

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any hound, or looſe behind?
Is any foule, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change hor haire?
Do's any dreame? do's any walke?
Or in his ſleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Be Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Do's Eolus thy ſtomacke gnaw?
Or breede there vermine in thy maw?
Doeſt thou deſire and canſt not pleaſe?
Loe here the beſt Cantharides.
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Euen all diſeaſes that ariſe
From ill diſpoſed crudities;

From

From too much ſtudy, too much paine,
From lazineſſe, and from a ſtraine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Of lazie Gout, I cure the rich,
I rid the begger of the Itch,
I ſteame auoyd both thicke and thin.
I diſlocated ioynts put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And doe a thouſand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The Second Song.

Maides of the Chamber or of the Kit-chin,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come giue me but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoone cure you.
Nor Galen *nor* Hippocrates,
Did euer doe ſuch cures as theſe.

Crackt maides that cannot hold your water,
Or vse to breake winde in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure: or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galon *nor, &c.*

If lusty Sis, *Maide of the Dayrie,*
Chance to be blew-nipt by the Fayrie;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile giue her that did neuer faile.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare ouer-ride her,
Or if she tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a messe of Creame.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

The third Song.

HEer's water to quench maydens fires,
Heer's spirits for old women's,

Heer's

[illegible]

[illegible] youth [illegible]
[illegible] sinewes strong,
What is't you lacke? what would you buy?
What is it that you needs?
Come to me (Gallants) tast and trie,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preserue from fate,
This cureth the Maleficiate;
Lost maidenhoods you doth restore,
And makes them Virgins as before.
What is't you lacke? &c.

Heer's cure for [illegible] ach, seuer Lurdens,
Vnlawfull or vntimely Burdens,
Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or assuages.
What is's you lacke? &c.

I haue receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe [illegible] thereout,
To [illegible] blonds cold bloods to warme,
[illegible] (good) no harme.
What is [illegible] lacke? &c.